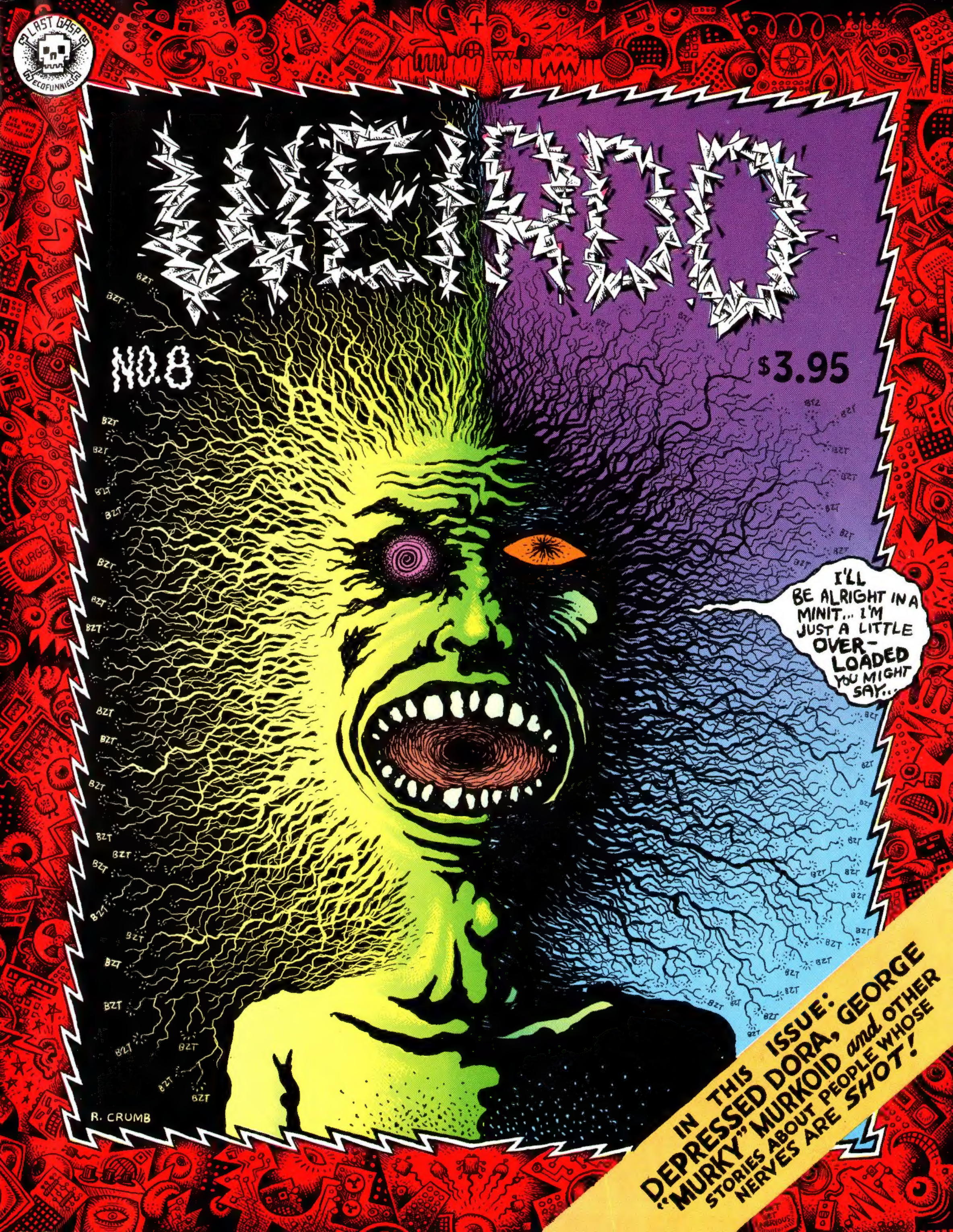
LAST GASP ECOFUNNIES

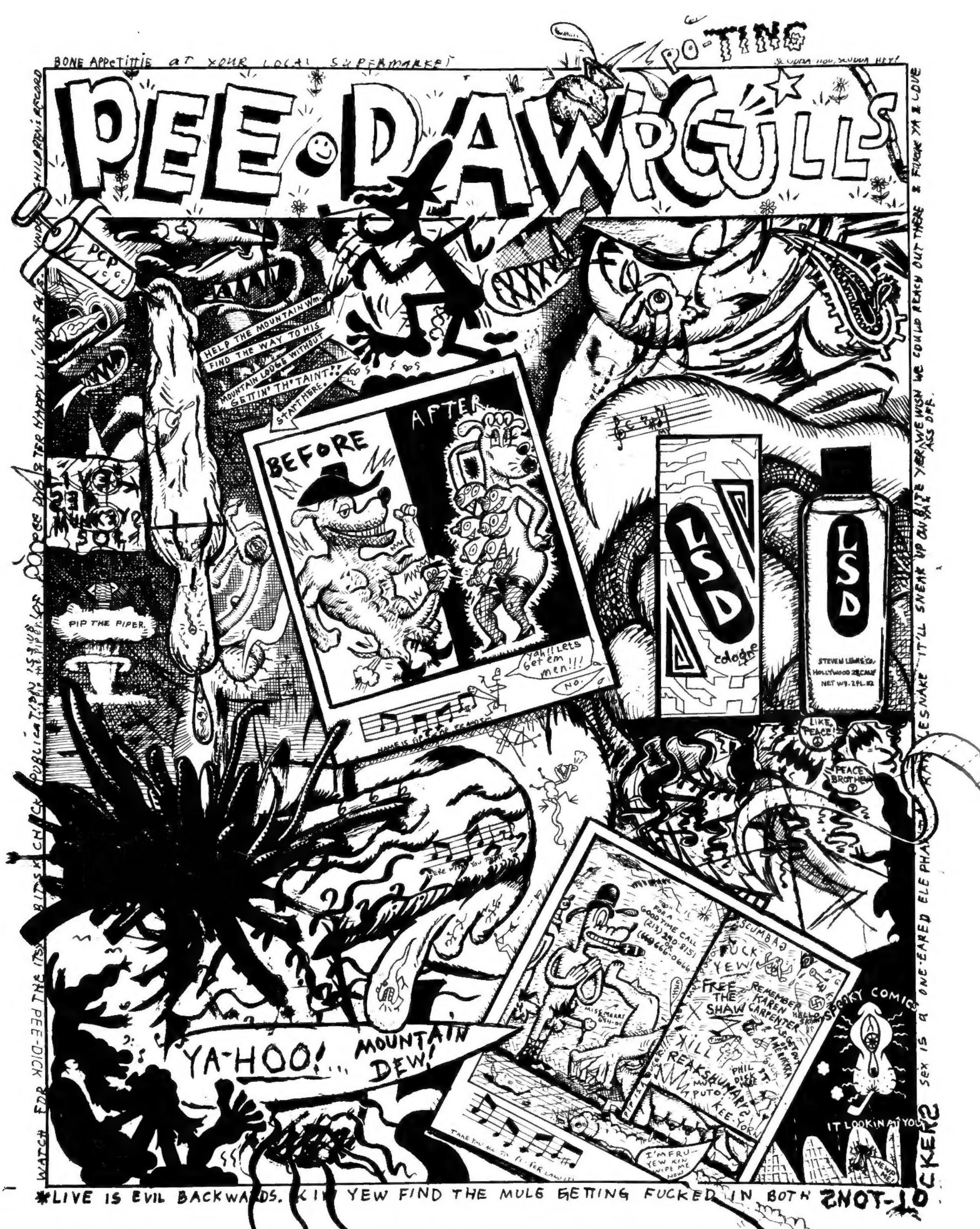
WEIRDO

NO.8

$3.95


I'LL BE ALRIGHT IN A MINIT... I'M JUST A LITTLE OVER-LOADED YOU MIGHT SAY...
BZT
PURGE
R. CRUMB

IN THIS ISSUE: DEPRESSED DORA, GEORGE "MURKY" MURKOID *and* OTHER STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHOSE NERVES ARE *SHOT*!


BONE APPETITTIE AT YOUR LOCAL SUPERMARKET
PO-TING
SCUDDA HOO, SCUDDA HEY!
PEE·DAWRCULLS
HELP THE MOUNTAIN WM. FIND THE WAY TO HIS MOUNTAIN LODGE WITHOUT GETTIN' TH' TAINT!! START HERE.
DCP
BEFORE
AFTER
Yah!! Lets get 'em men!!!
No.
PIP THE PIPER.
LSD
cologne
LSD
STEVEN LEWIS CO. HOLLYWOOD 28 CALIF NET WT. 2 FL. OZ
LIKE, PEACE!
PEACE BROTHER
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL (213) 240-8151 OR (666) 666-0666
SCUMBAG
FUCK YEW!
FREE THE SHAW
REMEMBER KAREN CARPENTER
KILL REAKSHUNARYS
PHIL DICK
SPOOKY COMICS
IT LOOKIN AT YOU
YA-HOO!... MOUNTAIN DEW!
I'M FRU - YEW KIN WIPE ME NOW
*LIVE IS EVIL BACKWARDS. *KIN YEW FIND THE MULE GETTING FUCKED IN BOTH
ZNOT-LOCKERS
WATCH FOR THE PEE-DICK THE ITS BITS K CHICK PUBLICATION IS PIP THE PIPER OF PEE DOG & TER HAPPY LIL' WOOF PALS UNDER CHILDREN'S RECORD
SEX IS A ONE-EARED ELEPHANT RATTLESNAKE IT'LL SNEAK UP ON YA & BITE YER ASS OFF. WE WISH WE COULD REACH OUT THERE & FUCK YA & LOVE

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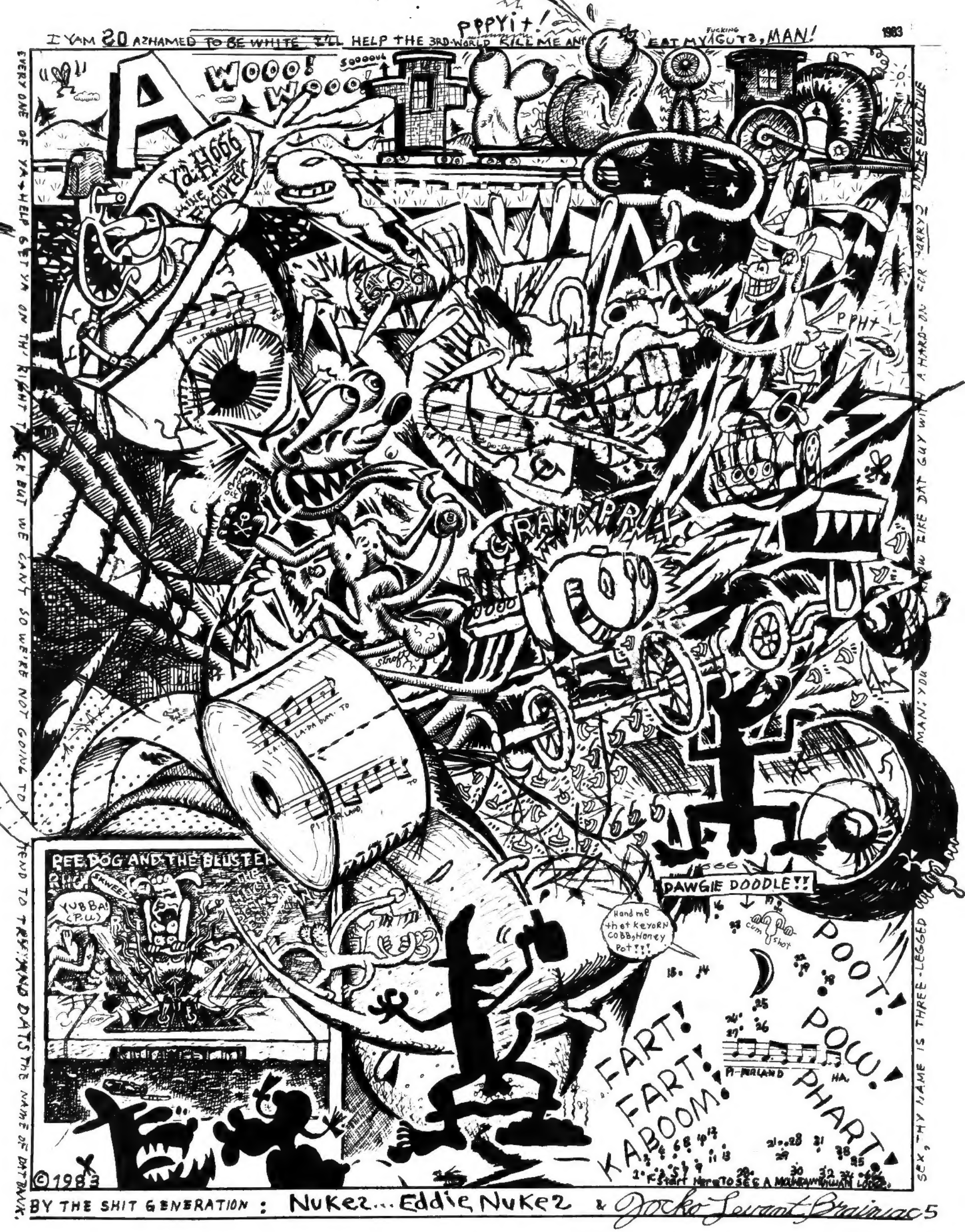


I YAM SO AZHAMED TO BE WHITE I'LL HELP THE 3RD-WORLD KILL ME AN' EAT MY FUCKING GUTZ, MAN!
PPPYit!
1983
WOOO! WOOO!
SOOOOUL
YA-HOOO 666
GRAND PRIX!
PPHT
LA-LA-LA-DA-DUM TO
PIT-ER-LAND
DAWGIE DOODLE!!
666
Hand me thet KEYORN COBB, Honey Pot!!!
cum shot
POOT! POW! PHART!
FART! FART! KABOOM!
PI-ERLAND
HA.
Start Here TO SEE A MOHAWKMAN LOGO.
PEE DOG AND THE BLUSTER RIG
SKWEEL
YUBBA! (P.U.)
GOO
©1983
EVERY ONE OF YA - HELP GET YA ON TH' RIGHT TRACK BUT WE CANT SO WE'RE NOT GOING TO TEND TO TRY AND DATS THE NAME OF DAT TANK.
SEX, THY NAME IS THREE-LEGGED MAN; YOU KNOW LIKE DAT GUY WITH A HARD-ON FOR LARRY 2 IN THE FUGITIVE

BY THE SHIT GENERATION : Nukez... Eddie Nukez & Jocko Levant Brainiac 5

WEIRDO

SUMMER, 1983 "THE MAGAZINE THAT MAKES YOUR FLESH CRAWL" NUMBER 8

WEIRDO'S Advice to the Lovelorn

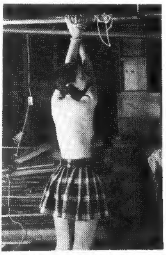
BY PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
— B.A. PSYCHOLOGY —

PERSONAL ADVISOR T.E. ZWIGOFF HAS BEEN HELPING PEOPLE SOLVE THEIR INTIMATE PROBLEMS FOR MANY YEARS. NOW EXCLUSIVELY WITH WEIRDO, HIS TIMELY ADVICE GAINS A NEW DIMENSION.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF;

SUSAN WAS LOOKING THROUGH MY DESK FOR SOME CARBON PAPER (SHE SAYS!) AND FOUND SOME OLD PHOTOGRAPHS OF MINE — MOSTLY OF NUDE OR SCANTILY CLAD GIRLS. I TOOK THESE ALL BEFORE I MET HER — PHOTOGRAPHY WAS SORT OF A HOBBY OF MINE IN COLLEGE. SUSAN WAS FURIOUS, CALLED THESE PHOTOS "SMUT" AND INSISTS I BURN THEM ALL! I MAINTAIN THEY'RE INNOCENT AND NOSTALGIC MEMORIES. I ENCLOSE A SAMPLE FOR YOUR OPINION,

— CARL



DEAR CARL :

STOP LETTING YOUR GIRL FRIEND (NO MATTER HOW WELL-MEANING SHE MAY BE) TELL YOU WHO YOU OUGHT TO BE! YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE SOMEONE WHO ENJOYS THESE HARMLESS PHOTOS AND FANTASIES. DON'T LET HER INSECURITIES AND NEGATIVE ATTITUDE AFFECT YOU. STAY POSITIVE AND BEAUTIFUL! AND LET'S SWAP PHOTOS SOMETIME — I MYSELF AM AN AMATUER PHOTOBUG WHO ENJOYS THIS INNOCENT PASSTIME.

DEAR PROF. Z.,

MY FIANCE' IS IN THE HABIT OF SAYING "THANK YOU" AFTER WE HAVE PHYSICALLY EXPRESSED OUR LOVE. THIS SEEMS SOMEHOW COLD AND MERCENARY TO ME. HE IS OTHERWISE PERFECT BUT THIS HABIT OF HIS MAKES ME CRINGE. DON'T YOU AGREE THAT THIS CHEAPENS OUR DEMONSTRATION OF LOVE?

— KIPPY

DEAR KIPPY;

NOT UNLESS YOU FORGET TO SAY, "YOU'RE WELCOME."

DEAR PROF.,

I'M THIRTY-TWO AND LIVE WITH MY BOYFRIEND OF THE SAME AGE. WE HAVE A WONDERFUL AND AFFECTIONATE RELATIONSHIP, YET I FEEL VERY SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED. IT MAY BE THAT I EXPECT TOO MUCH, AS A LONG-PAST PREVIOUS LOVER MADE LINGERING LOVE TO ME TWO OR THREE TIMES A DAY AFTER LENGTHY FOREPLAY. ROGER (MY BOYFRIEND) JUST DOESN'T SEEM TOO INTERESTED MOST OF THE TIME. WHAT SHOULD I DO? I'VE BEEN FEELING TENSE AND EATING ALL DAY LONG.

— STACY

DEAR STACY;

I ASSUME YOUR "EATING ALL DAY LONG" HASN'T YET TURNED YOU INTO A BEACHED WHALE, AND YOU'RE STILL MODERATELY ATTRACTIVE. MY ADVICE TO YOU WOULD BE TO LOWER YOUR EXPECTATIONS. STUDIES HAVE PROVEN BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THE HEIGHT OF THE MALE'S SEXUAL APPETITE IS AT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD AND IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM THERE. WOMEN, ON THE OTHER HAND, COME INTO THEIR SEXUAL PRIME AT ABOUT YOUR AGE — ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES. IF YOU CAN REPLACE INTERCOURSE WITH A SACK OF POTATO CHIPS AND A BOX OF BON-BONS, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

DEAR PROF. Z.,

YOUR COLUMN IS THE FIRST THING I READ WHEN I OPEN EACH NEW ISSUE OF WEIRDO. IT'S BY FAR THE MOST INTERESTING AND ENJOYABLE PART OF THE MAGAZINE. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

— A BIG FAN (YOUR MOM)
XXXX

letters to the editor

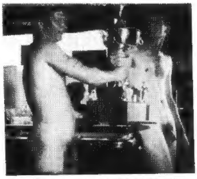
i think your magizine is stoopid

ADDRESS: R. CRUMB, P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CALIF., 95694

OH MAN, THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO IS RILLY WEIRD!! WE GOT MORE ELINORE NORFLUS — SIX PAGES THIS TIME! HA! WE GOT MORE OF DORI SEDA'S UTTER MADNESS! WE GOT THAT LEGENDARY CULT HERO, PEE-DOG!! ON THE BACK COVER WE GOT A PAGE FROM THE BRILLIANT PARANOID-PSYCHOTIC RAMBLINGS OF FRANCE E. DEC, CRAZIEST MAN IN AMERICA!! DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. READ IT! AND FOR MORE ABOUT THE "DEADLY TABIN NEEDLE", FOR THE COMPLETE WORKS, IN FACT, WRITE TO: FRANCIS E. DEC, 29 MAPLE AVE., HEMPSTEAD, N.Y., 11550. THIS IS GREAT STUFF!! THIS IS THE REAL ART OF AMERICA, KIDS! FUCK A BUNCH OF EFFETE CRAP IN THE GALLERIES! FUCK ALL THAT MONEY, FAME, SUCCESS!! FUCK PAYING THE RENT! DIE FOR TRUTH IN THE MEDIA!! YEAH! RIGHT ON!! — EDITOR R. CRUMB

Dear Bob Fuckin' Crumb,

If you want to run this picture of Eddie Nukes and Jocko Brainiac (A.K.A. "The SHIT Generation") accepting the Nobel Peace Prize for literature, feel free. Nukes is on the left — Jocko, the thin, "agile" one on the right — Don't fuck with us — **EVER!!!**



EDDIE NUKES & JOCKO BRAINIAC
"THE SHIT GENERATION"

The other one I turn in for you to just "spank your monkey" to. Unless your preference is dicks, that is — if so, feel free to "stroke your dolphin" to the picture of me and Jocko —

Signed,
Your Dangerous Pal,
Jay Condom
A.K.A.
Eddie Nukes,
Dallas, Texas

Dear R. Crumb,

...I happen to enjoy the magazine WEIRDO but my criticism is to change the name to WEIRD instead. I think it would improve the image of cartoonists alot more somehow....Try to show more tits 'n' ass in these pictorials — you're pretty discreet at this, you old dog. At least give it some appeal to the old magazines of the '50s such as HIGH HEELS, etc. Thanks for all the great laughs. Maybe I'll send some cartoons if I continue the way I've been going being unemployed. Hell, maybe it's the life for me to lay back and let cartooning ruin my life the way it has most.

Sincerely
Lizardman
Spartanburg, S.C.

Dear Mr. Crumb;

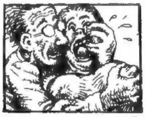
Re: Your recent reprinting of the "HEP" and "JIVE" cartoons. Edna Turner of Fort Worth, who spent many years as editor/publisher of the SEPIA magazine group based here, reports that Butch Austin is dead and that Doris McClarty is teaching school "somewhere in Florida"...

Best,
Mike H. Price
Fort Worth, Texas

THANKS FOR THE RESEARCH, MIKE! — ED.

R. Crumb is mean and horny.

— Frank Gaard
Minneapolis,
Minn.



"MEAN AND HORNY"

Dear Robert:

I've enjoyed your cartoons for years and was recently introduced to WEIRDO by a kid in a coffee shop accross the street from the University of Costa Rica in San Jose (Costa Rica). I was surprised to learn the meditator on Market Street is your brother. My ex-girlfriend and I marveled at his apparent absorbtion two years ago. She had just returned from a pilgrimage to Taiwan and we left a picture of the Buddha in his begging bowl, in lieu of money (which we were short on). *(SEE "DRAWINGS BY MAX CRUMB" WEIRDO #3 — ED.)*...The strip featuring the old comedians is a real gem and exceptionally well drawn *(DREW FRIEDMAN — ED.)*. What ever became of Arnold Stang and Sterling Holloway, the unfunniest of Hollywood's endless list of buffoons...?

Your fan,
Charles Kraaft
New Orleans, LA.

Hiya Bob!

I just read WEIRDO #6. Brilliant, as usual! I like Terry Boyce, Ace Backwards, Drew Friedman, and that HEP & JIVE stuff alot. You're still the tops, of course. Great cover.

I'm glad you don't listen to all those dimbulbs who try to tell you how to run your magazine. Those commie-dupe liberals are the worst, though. Once you get painted with their "racist" or "sexist" brush it's like McCarthyism in reverse — blacklisted for not being liberal enuf.

The biggest problem (the only one, actually) with WEIRDO is that it's too damn hard to find! You really have to search for it. The few stores that do stock it sell out pretty fast....

— John Holmst om
New York, N.Y.

HEY, I LIKE THIS GUY!! YES, WEIRDO IS HARD TO FIND...THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT.... WE'RE HANGING ON BY A THREAD, MAN!! — ED.

...Predictably, the stuff I like (WEIRDO #7) was by you, Drew (FRIEDMAN) and Dennis (WORDEN). But unpredictably, I also liked the Hippo comic by Elinore Norflus. Theoretically, I know I shouldn't — it's got everything I love to hate; illegible lettering, feminism, scribbly drawing, etc. But her work is very sincere and as a result it's powerful. Right on, sister!!

Are you really the sad sack your strip makes you out to be? If so, I feel sorry for your poor wife! Instead of moping around or "meditating" or any other form of self-flagellation you should get

WEIRDO NUMBER 8, SUMMER, 1983. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.

some nice juicy steaks & grill 'em outside & also get some ice-cold beer & play some of your favorite records. When it gets dark and you're drunk you can run around your yard, play hide & go seek, etc. You may feel like an idiot the next morning but wot the hell!?

Yours,
J.D. King
New York, N.Y.

*OKAY, IT'S PLUG TIME! HOLMSTROM AND J.D. KING ARE INVOLVED IN A WACKY-ZANY LI'L MAGAZINE CALLED "**STOP!**"—GOOD CARTOONS, ARTICLES AND INTERVIEWS. SOLD ONLY IN NEW YORK CITY, BUT ALL SIX ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE BY MAIL FROM: "STOP!", BOX 529, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10113. TELL 'EM "WEIRDO" SENTCHA!!*

STOP!
STOP!
FREE TAKE ONE
3 STOOGES CONTROVERSY!
STOP!

Dear Bob,

Forget the self-pity and midlife crisis. Your work as an editor ALONE is a major contribution to mankind! Case in point - WEIRDO #7. Drew Friedman—great, as usual. Ditto Williams and Spain, but this issue's major highlight was Terry Boyce and Dori Seda as revealed in their "strips" (appropriately named) and in the Foto Funnies. Where can I meet these hot chicks?!? Your stuff is fabulous. Can you send me a free drawing?

Best wishes,
C. "Jerry" Kutner
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Robert,

Hi, listen, don't feel bad about getting old, you still look pretty sharp! Hell, I'm only twenty-six and I'm going bald, but no big fucking deal, a nice little joke on me! As you might have guessed, I've been reading "Uncle Bob's Midlife Crisis." Heck, death may not be such a big deal either. Years ago as a college type I think I had "death" on a mushroom trip one night. Sure it's scarey but after the initial shock of moving out of your identity it's quite fascinating, although a bit overwhelming!... Aren't I the glib bastard?... I loved how Helen Hippo did EST & got better. I love how you have the guts to publish what you damn well please. This new direct distribution comics market is all hype & format. Everyone publishes what they think will make money: superheros (same old garbage) on nicer paper.

Hey, I loved the story "Slaves of the Comic Book Factory"... That Ron Turner must be a real cut-up... Long live total freedom of expression in cartoons!

Steve Lafler
Eugene, Oregon

Dear Sir,

Upon seeing Norman Dog's work (WEIRDO #6) I am reminded of Robert Schumann's comment upon hearing Chopin for the first time: "Hats off, gentlemen—a genius!"

Clearly, Mr. Dog is a major new talent on the comix scene. Congratulations on publishing his work.

Could do with less of that R. Crumb fellow, though. His stuff seems trivial and mundane.

Standard closing,
Keith Edwards
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Mr. Crumb,

This is a letter from Finland... WEIRDO has got better number by number. By the way, I'd very much like to see more works by Holmstrom and Mrs. Crumb...

Still one good thing about WEIRDO: you seem to have realized that perfect graphics don't always make comics any good. For example, HEAVY METAL is full of great drawing and coloring but unfortunately many of the METAL artists lack ideas....

Yours,
Pauli Kallio
Erkkila, Finland

Dear R.,

...I'd praise your "UNCLE BOB" piece but I'm afraid you'd sink into a sub-human funk from which you'd never draw again. Sheesh, you sensitive arteest types! I'd call you an asshole if that would help you from having an "overblown self-image." I dunno. I, too, have always had a great talent for making myself feel miserable. That's what's so funny about your "UNCLE BOB" piece. Really great piece! And I'm afraid you're just going to have to live with it.

Loved Worden's piece, and Friedman and Seda, and the best photo-phunny yet! Was that Seda in the photos? What, no beeeg thighs? Turner makes a great charater.

Well, I gotta get back to my own heroic struggle. I, too, feel like I've got a golden opportunity with TWISTED IMAGE that few men get—but I'm blowing it. I can tell from the mail I get that it doesn't really touch people in a deep way. Could be me... hey, look, I'm self-conscious too.

— Pete "Ace Backwards" Labreola
Berkeley, Calif.

'NOTHER PLUG: "ACE" IS EDITOR OF A HOT "NEW WAVE"-TYPE PAPER CALLED "TWISTED IMAGE"—GOOD CARTOONS, INTERVIEWS, HUMOR, INTERESTING GRAPHICS, PHOTOS, WEIRD ADS - WRITE TO: TWISTED IMAGE, 2501 HASTE ST., BERKELEY, CALIF., 94704. TELL 'EM WEIRDO, ETC.

— DORI SEDA —

*— AND, YES, THAT **IS** OUR OWN SWEET DORI IN THE #7 PHOTO FUNNY. QUITE TRUE SHE DOESN'T HAVE "BEEEG THIGHS," BUT WE'RE WILLING TO OVERLOOK THIS MINOR FLAW AS DORI IS SUCH A NATURAL-BORN MAD-WOMAN, PERFECT FOR WEIRDO PHOTO-FUNNIES. LOOK FOR THIS LOONEY GAL IN OUR LATEST PHOTO-FUNNY TOO!*

Hi, Mr. Crumb!

Some weeks ago I read that I could buy the numbers 1-4 of WEIRDO, and so I did. WEIRDO is the best magazine I ever have seen. I enjoy them very much and I hope you'll produce more. You are a model for me, because I want to produce an U-comic too.

WEIRDO is beautiful, is delicious sex, is the best!

Ciao,
Aiko Schmidt
Emden, W. Germany

Hello Robert Crumb

...Just read WEIRDO #6 and am thoroughly amused with the issue and MOST ESPECIALLY enjoyed the Butch Austin and Doris McClarty stuff. Just SKEET! ...Keep up the good stuff with WEIRDO and more old stuff (I use this word stuff alot, huh?) and those groovy foto-comix. Yay.

Fazul Reet
Los Angeles, Calif.

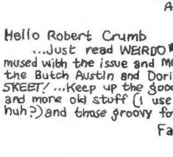
Dear Robert,

...Unevenness is one of WEIRDO's main virtues. Any two fans who tried to polish it would disagree on what to eliminate. My preference for future issues would be to see more on "the coming full hell Humanity crisis" by the Church of the Subgenius, Maurides, or Winston Smith.

Best regards to you & Aline,
Leonard Rifas
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Bob and Aline,

WEIRDO is my favourite reading, usually good quality drawings... It's good to see letters from Britain getting published, and I agree with Richard Boyle of Nottingham who wanted more photos of Hillary (WEIRDO #2). It's the only photo set to move me, even if it was only in the direction of the Kleenex box, although it was interesting to see you really are as skinny as your drawings suggest. La Buncharoo looks cuter than DIRTY LAUNDRY etc. indicate. Show her more respect, you savage rascal.



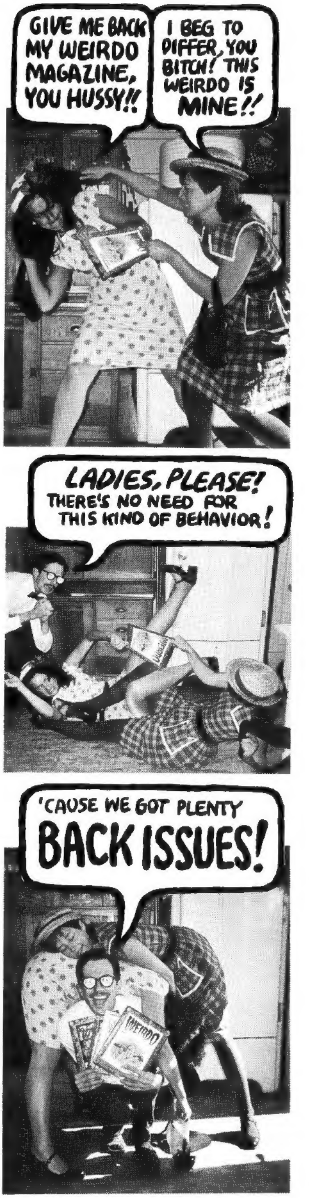
LIKES CROSSHATCHING BETTER THAN "GAGE"

I enjoy all your drawing styles, Bob, but the work with all the cross-hatching (such as BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL) are the ones I prefer. More work for you but they give me a real kick, better than "gage" or "tea" by far.

Your Chum,
dirty Norman
Pembrokeshire, Wales

P.S. What is old and wrinkled and smells vaguely of ginger?

Answer: Fred Astaire's prick.


GIVE ME BACK MY WEIRDO MAGAZINE, YOU HUSSY!!
I BEG TO DIFFER, YOU BITCH! THIS WEIRDO IS MINE!!
LADIES, PLEASE! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS KIND OF BEHAVIOR!
'CAUSE WE GOT PLENTY BACK ISSUES!
WEIRDO

GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST!!
#'s 1, 2, 3 & 4 - $2.25 EACH
#'s 5, 7, 7 & 8 - $2.50 EACH
INCLUDE $1.50 POSTAGE WITH ORDER
SEND TO: LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 94110
SEND $1.00 FOR CATALOG!

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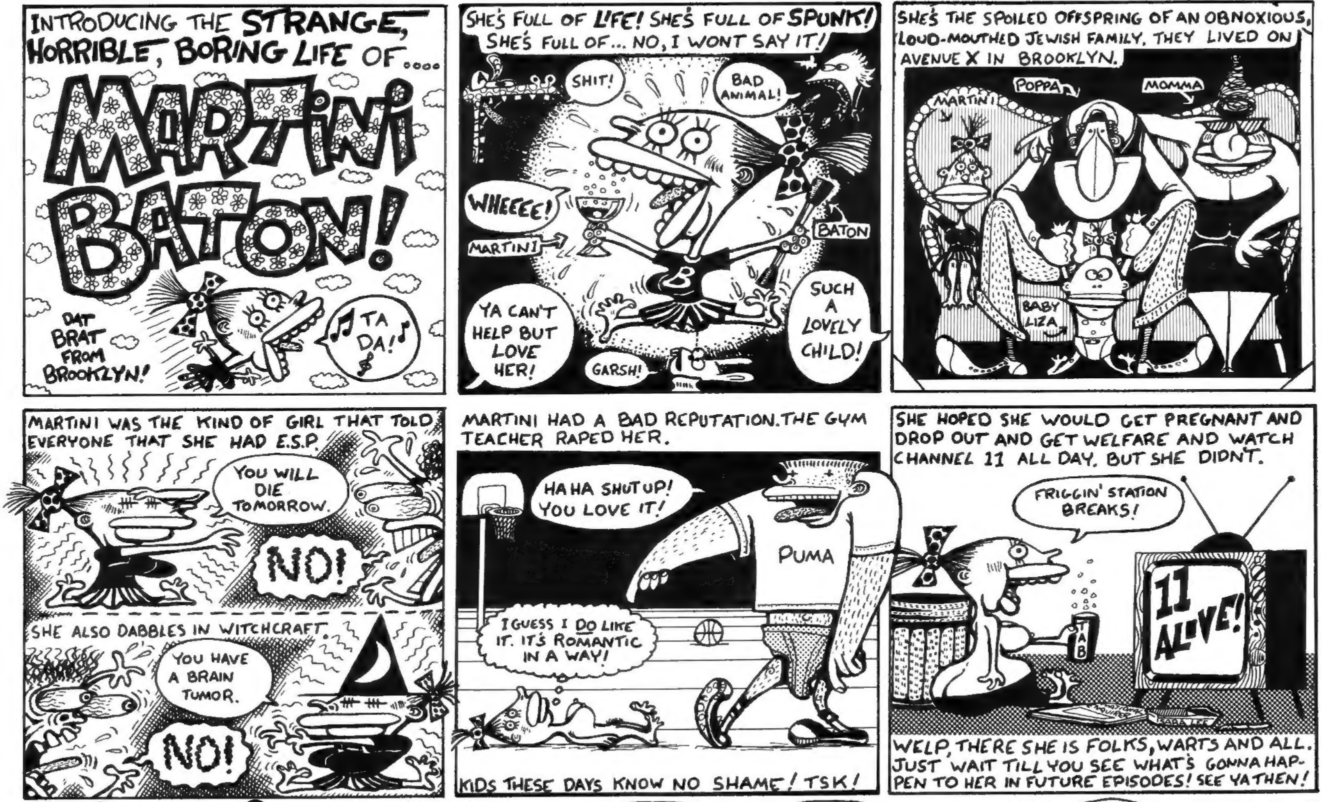
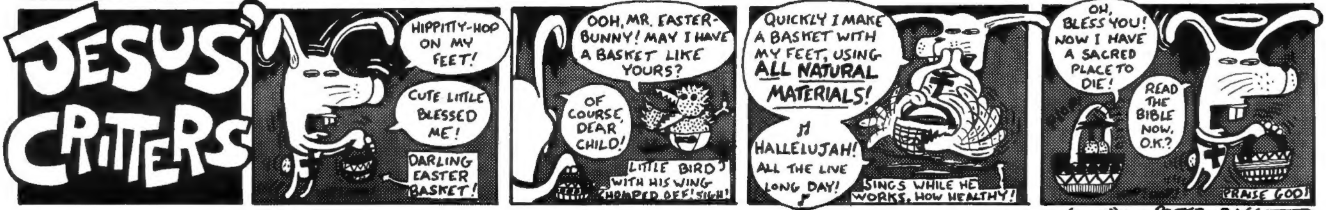

INTRODUCING THE STRANGE, HORRIBLE, BORING LIFE OF....
MARTINI BATON!
DAT BRAT FROM BROOKLYN!
♪TA DA!♪
SHE'S FULL OF LIFE! SHE'S FULL OF SPUNK! SHE'S FULL OF... NO, I WONT SAY IT!
SHIT!
BAD ANIMAL!
WHEEEEE!
MARTINI
BATON
YA CAN'T HELP BUT LOVE HER!
GARSH!
SUCH A LOVELY CHILD!
SHE'S THE SPOILED OFFSPRING OF AN OBNOXIOUS, LOUD-MOUTHED JEWISH FAMILY. THEY LIVED ON AVENUE X IN BROOKLYN.
MARTINI
POPPA
MOMMA
BABY LIZA
MARTINI WAS THE KIND OF GIRL THAT TOLD EVERYONE THAT SHE HAD E.S.P.
YOU WILL DIE TOMORROW.
NO!
SHE ALSO DABBLES IN WITCHCRAFT.
YOU HAVE A BRAIN TUMOR.
NO!
MARTINI HAD A BAD REPUTATION. THE GYM TEACHER RAPED HER.
HA HA SHUT UP! YOU LOVE IT!
PUMA
I GUESS I DO LIKE IT. IT'S ROMANTIC IN A WAY!
KIDS THESE DAYS KNOW NO SHAME! TSK!
SHE HOPED SHE WOULD GET PREGNANT AND DROP OUT AND GET WELFARE AND WATCH CHANNEL 11 ALL DAY. BUT SHE DIDN'T.
FRIGGIN' STATION BREAKS!
TAB
11 ALIVE!
WELP, THERE SHE IS FOLKS, WARTS AND ALL. JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO HER IN FUTURE EPISODES! SEE YA THEN!


JESUS' CRITTERS
HIPPITTY-HOP ON MY FEET!
CUTE LITTLE BLESSED ME!
DARLING EASTER BASKET!
OOH, MR. EASTER-BUNNY! MAY I HAVE A BASKET LIKE YOURS?
OF COURSE, DEAR CHILD!
LITTLE BIRD WITH HIS WING CHOMPED OFF! SIGH!
QUICKLY I MAKE A BASKET WITH MY FEET, USING ALL NATURAL MATERIALS!
♪ HALLELUJAH! ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY! ♪
SINGS WHILE HE WORKS. HOW HEALTHY!
OH, BLESS YOU! NOW I HAVE A SACRED PLACE TO DIE!
READ THE BIBLE NOW, O.K.?
PRAISE GOD!

"art" by PETER BAGGE

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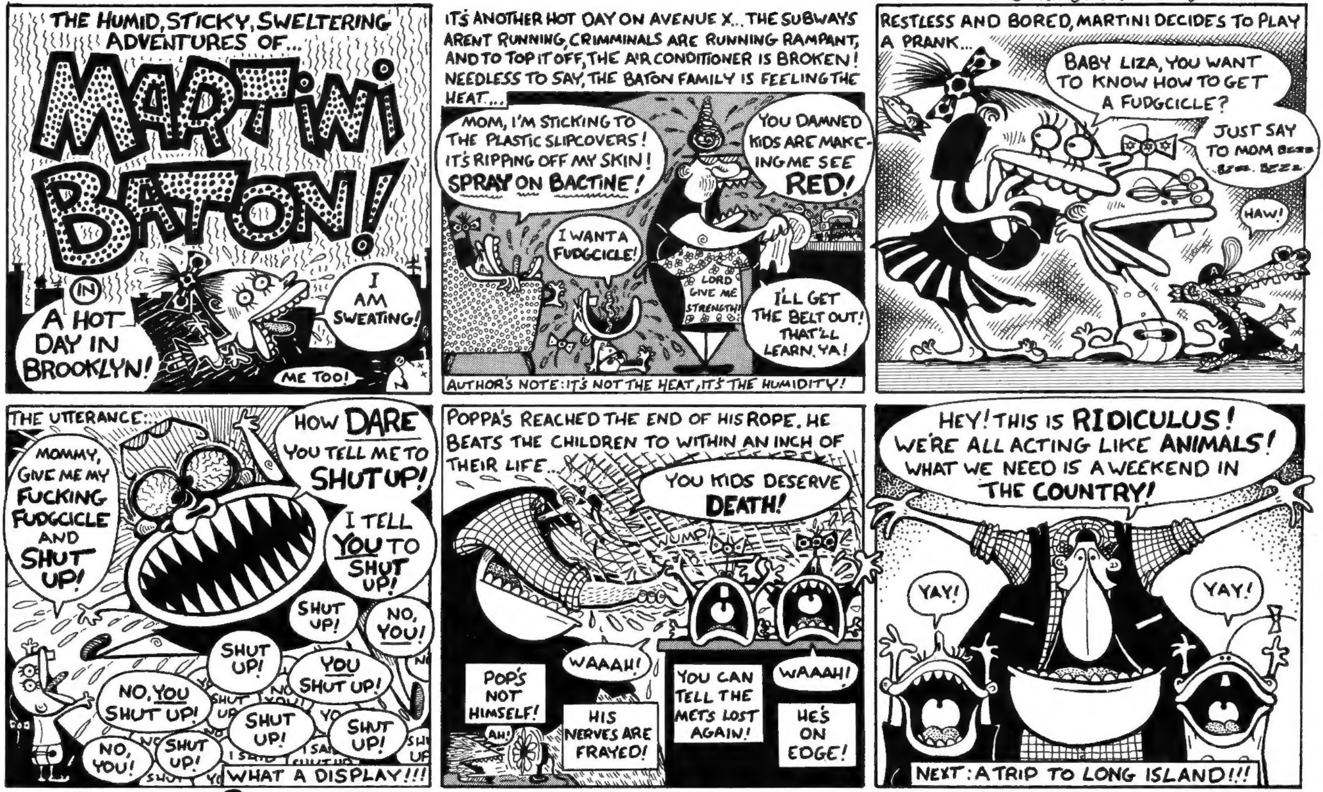
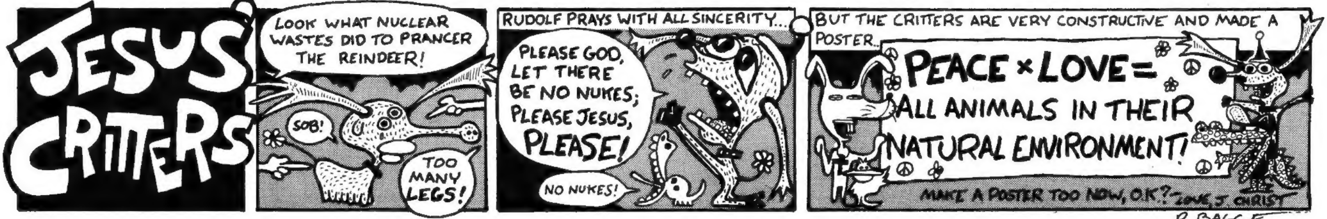

THE HUMID, STICKY, SWELTERING ADVENTURES OF...
MARTINI BATON!
IN A HOT DAY IN BROOKLYN!
I AM SWEATING!
ME TOO!
IT'S ANOTHER HOT DAY ON AVENUE X... THE SUBWAYS ARENT RUNNING, CRIMINALS ARE RUNNING RAMPANT, AND TO TOP IT OFF, THE AIR CONDITIONER IS BROKEN! NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE BATON FAMILY IS FEELING THE HEAT...
MOM, I'M STICKING TO THE PLASTIC SLIPCOVERS! IT'S RIPPING OFF MY SKIN! SPRAY ON BACTINE!
YOU DAMNED KIDS ARE MAKE-ING ME SEE RED!
I WANT A FUDGCICLE!
LORD GIVE ME STRENGTH!
I'LL GET THE BELT OUT! THAT'LL LEARN YA!
AUTHOR'S NOTE: IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S THE HUMIDITY!
RESTLESS AND BORED, MARTINI DECIDES TO PLAY A PRANK...
BABY LIZA, YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO GET A FUDGCICLE?
JUST SAY TO MOM BEZZ BEZZ. BEZZ
HAW!
THE UTTERANCE:...
MOMMY, GIVE ME MY FUCKING FUDGCICLE AND SHUT UP!
HOW DARE YOU TELL ME TO SHUT UP!
I TELL YOU TO SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
NO, YOU!
SHUT UP!
YOU SHUT UP!
NO, YOU SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
NO, YOU!
SHUT UP!
WHAT A DISPLAY!!!
POPPA'S REACHED THE END OF HIS ROPE. HE BEATS THE CHILDREN TO WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR LIFE...
YOU KIDS DESERVE DEATH!
WUMP
WAAAH!
WAAAH!
POP'S NOT HIMSELF!
AH!
HIS NERVES ARE FRAYED!
YOU CAN TELL THE METS LOST AGAIN!
HE'S ON EDGE!
HEY! THIS IS RIDICULUS! WE'RE ALL ACTING LIKE ANIMALS! WHAT WE NEED IS A WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY!
YAY!
YAY!
NEXT: A TRIP TO LONG ISLAND!!!


JESUS' CRITTERS
LOOK WHAT NUCLEAR WASTES DID TO PRANCER THE REINDEER!
SOB!
TOO MANY LEGS!
RUDOLF PRAYS WITH ALL SINCERITY...
PLEASE GOD, LET THERE BE NO NUKES; PLEASE JESUS, PLEASE!
NO NUKES!
BUT THE CRITTERS ARE VERY CONSTRUCTIVE AND MADE A POSTER...
PEACE × LOVE = ALL ANIMALS IN THEIR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT!
MAKE A POSTER TOO NOW, OK? - LOVE, J. CHRIST

P. BAGGE

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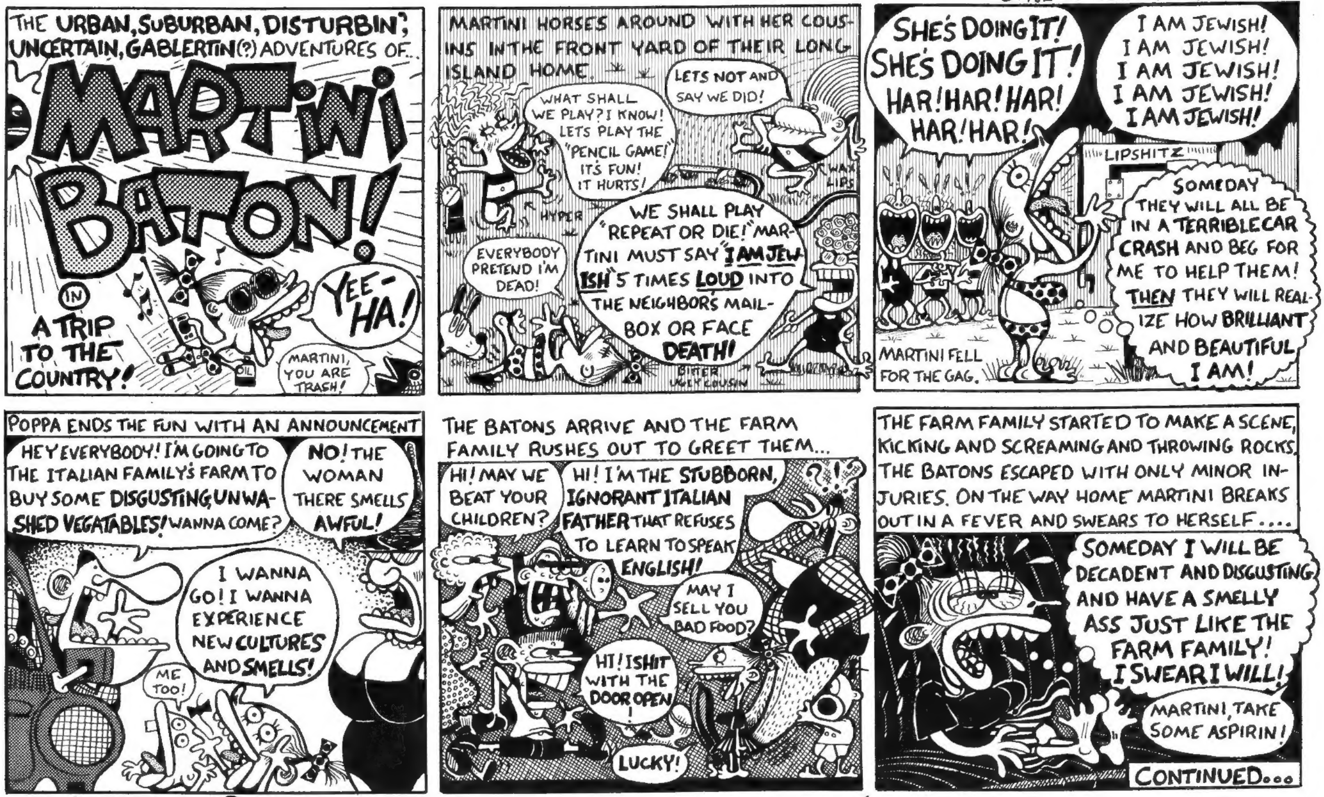
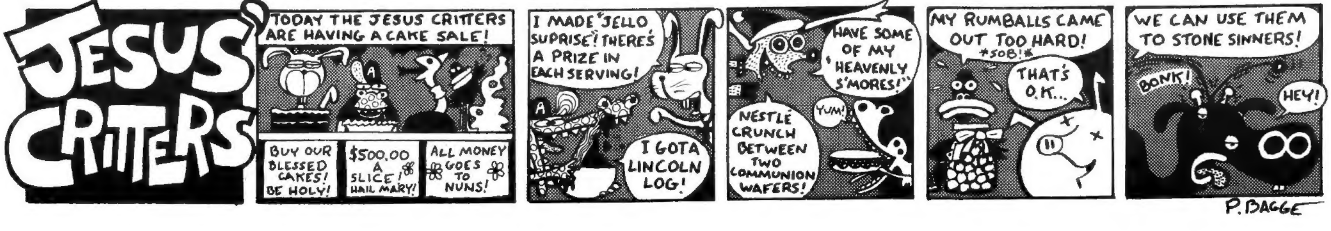

THE URBAN, SUBURBAN, DISTURBIN', UNCERTAIN, GABLERTIN(?) ADVENTURES OF...
MARTINI BATON!
IN A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY!
YEE-HA!
MARTINI, YOU ARE TRASH!
OIL
MARTINI HORSES AROUND WITH HER COUSINS IN THE FRONT YARD OF THEIR LONG ISLAND HOME.
WHAT SHALL WE PLAY? I KNOW! LETS PLAY THE "PENCIL GAME!" IT'S FUN! IT HURTS!
LETS NOT AND SAY WE DID!
WAX LIPS
HYPER
EVERYBODY PRETEND I'M DEAD!
WE SHALL PLAY "REPEAT OR DIE!" MARTINI MUST SAY "I AM JEWISH" 5 TIMES LOUD INTO THE NEIGHBOR'S MAILBOX OR FACE DEATH!
SHIFTY
BITTER UGLY COUSIN
SHE'S DOING IT! SHE'S DOING IT! HAR! HAR! HAR! HAR! HAR!
I AM JEWISH! I AM JEWISH! I AM JEWISH! I AM JEWISH! I AM JEWISH!
LIPSHITZ
SOMEDAY THEY WILL ALL BE IN A TERRIBLE CAR CRASH AND BEG FOR ME TO HELP THEM! THEN THEY WILL REALIZE HOW BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL I AM!
MARTINI FELL FOR THE GAG.
POPPA ENDS THE FUN WITH AN ANNOUNCEMENT
HEY EVERYBODY! I'M GOING TO THE ITALIAN FAMILY'S FARM TO BUY SOME DISGUSTING, UNWASHED VEGATABLES! WANNA COME?
NO! THE WOMAN THERE SMELLS AWFUL!
I WANNA GO! I WANNA EXPERIENCE NEW CULTURES AND SMELLS!
ME TOO!
THE BATONS ARRIVE AND THE FARM FAMILY RUSHES OUT TO GREET THEM...
HI! MAY WE BEAT YOUR CHILDREN?
HI! I'M THE STUBBORN, IGNORANT ITALIAN FATHER THAT REFUSES TO LEARN TO SPEAK ENGLISH!
?!!
MAY I SELL YOU BAD FOOD?
HI! I SHIT WITH THE DOOR OPEN!
LUCKY!
THE FARM FAMILY STARTED TO MAKE A SCENE, KICKING AND SCREAMING AND THROWING ROCKS. THE BATONS ESCAPED WITH ONLY MINOR INJURIES. ON THE WAY HOME MARTINI BREAKS OUT IN A FEVER AND SWEARS TO HERSELF....
SOMEDAY I WILL BE DECADENT AND DISGUSTING AND HAVE A SMELLY ASS JUST LIKE THE FARM FAMILY! I SWEAR I WILL!
MARTINI, TAKE SOME ASPIRIN!
CONTINUED...


JESUS' CRITTERS
TODAY THE JESUS CRITTERS ARE HAVING A CAKE SALE!
A
BUY OUR BLESSED CAKES! BE HOLY!
$500.00 A SLICE! HAIL MARY!
ALL MONEY GOES TO NUNS!
I MADE "JELLO SUPRISE"! THERE'S A PRIZE IN EACH SERVING!
I GOTA LINCOLN LOG!
HAVE SOME OF MY "HEAVENLY S'MORES!"
YUM!
NESTLE CRUNCH BETWEEN TWO COMMUNION WAFERS!
MY RUMBALLS CAME OUT TOO HARD! *SOB!*
THAT'S O.K...
WE CAN USE THEM TO STONE SINNERS!
BONK!
HEY!
P. BAGGE

#4

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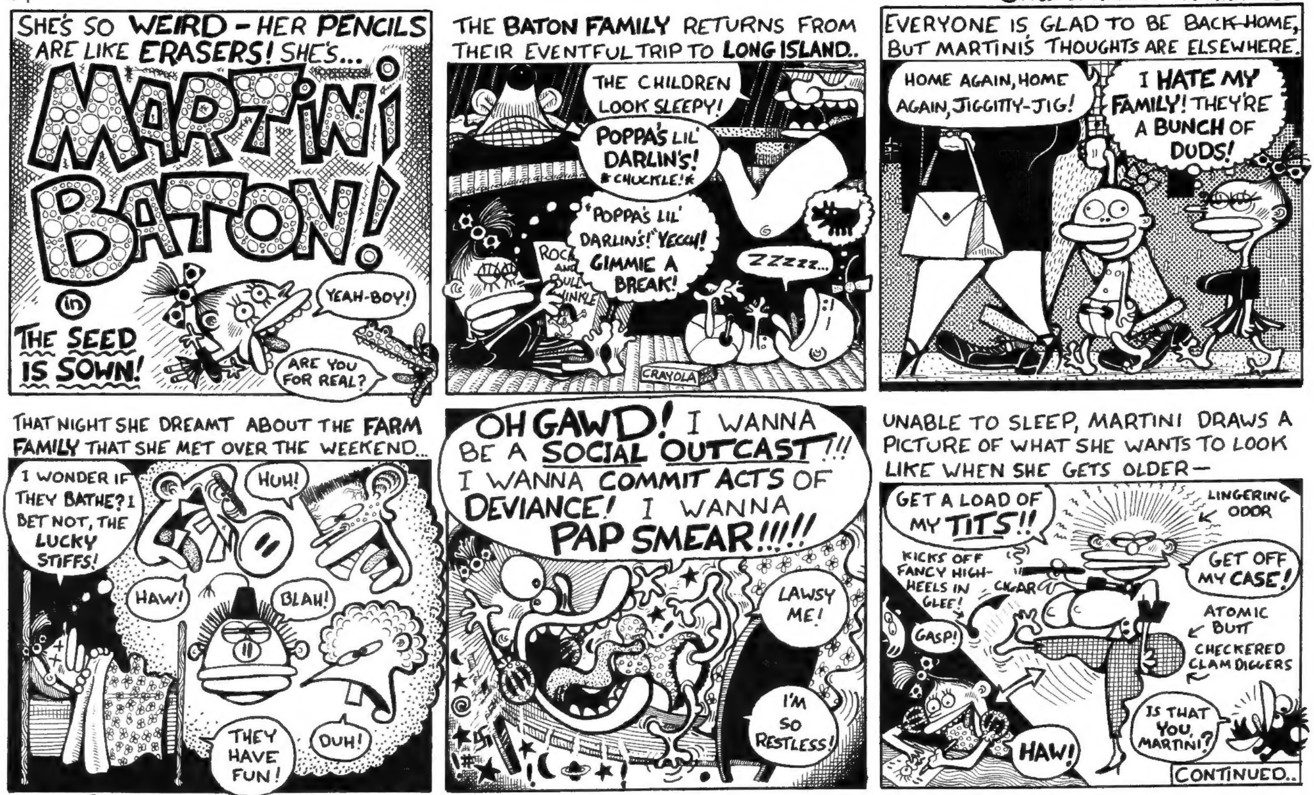
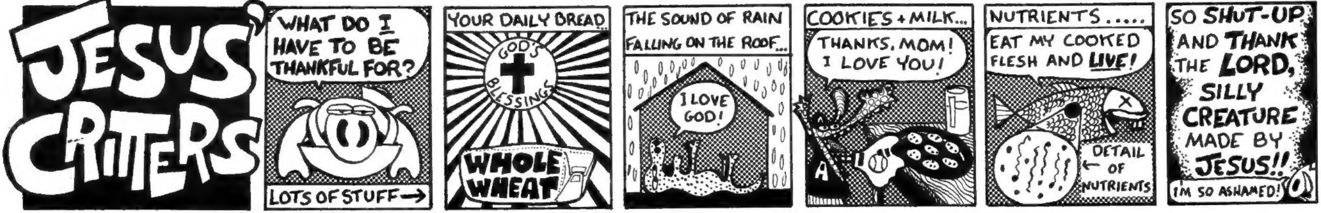
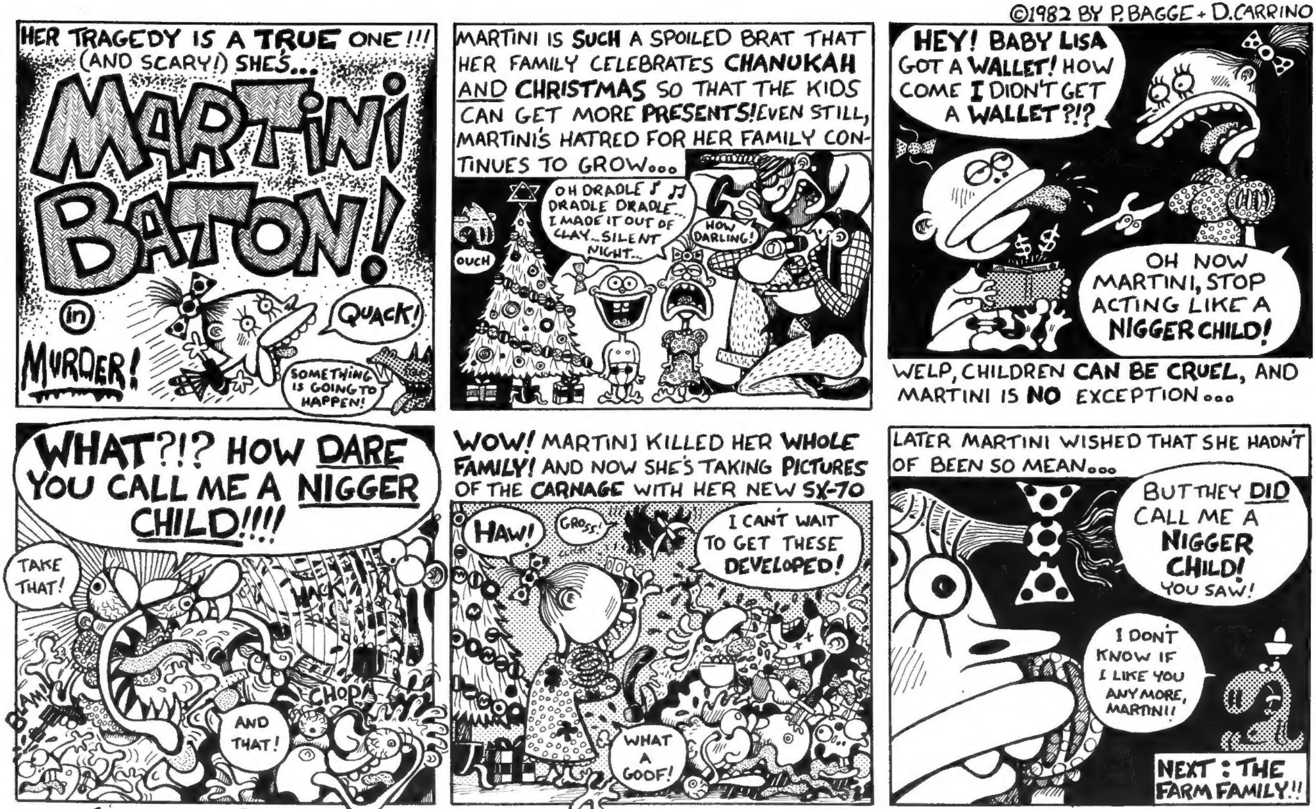
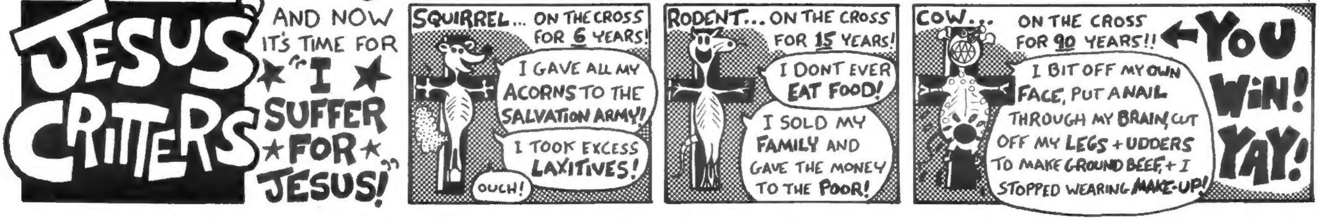

SHE'S SO WEIRD - HER PENCILS ARE LIKE ERASERS! SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
in
THE SEED IS SOWN!
YEAH-BOY!
ARE YOU FOR REAL?
THE BATON FAMILY RETURNS FROM THEIR EVENTFUL TRIP TO LONG ISLAND..
THE CHILDREN LOOK SLEEPY!
POPPA'S LIL' DARLIN'S! *CHUCKLE!*
'POPPA'S LIL' DARLIN'S!' YECCH! GIMMIE A BREAK!
ROCK AND BULLWINKLE
ZZZZZ..
CRAYOLA
EVERYONE IS GLAD TO BE BACK-HOME, BUT MARTINI'S THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE.
HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, JIGGITTY-JIG!
I HATE MY FAMILY! THEY'RE A BUNCH OF DUDS!
THAT NIGHT SHE DREAMT ABOUT THE FARM FAMILY THAT SHE MET OVER THE WEEKEND..
I WONDER IF THEY BATHE? I BET NOT, THE LUCKY STIFFS!
HUH!
HAW!
BLAH!
THEY HAVE FUN!
DUH!
OH GAWD! I WANNA BE A SOCIAL OUTCAST!!! I WANNA COMMIT ACTS OF DEVIANCE! I WANNA PAP SMEAR!!!!!
LAWSY ME!
I'M SO RESTLESS!
UNABLE TO SLEEP, MARTINI DRAWS A PICTURE OF WHAT SHE WANTS TO LOOK LIKE WHEN SHE GETS OLDER—
GET A LOAD OF MY TITS!!
LINGERING ODOR
KICKS OFF FANCY HIGH-HEELS IN GLEE!
CIGAR
GET OFF MY CASE!
ATOMIC BUTT
CHECKERED CLAM DIGGERS
GASP!
IS THAT YOU, MARTINI?
HAW!
CONTINUED..


JESUS' CRITTERS
WHAT DO I HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR?
LOTS OF STUFF→
YOUR DAILY BREAD..
GOD'S BLESSINGS
WHOLE WHEAT
THE SOUND OF RAIN FALLING ON THE ROOF...
I LOVE GOD!
COOKIES + MILK...
THANKS, MOM! I LOVE YOU!
A
NUTRIENTS.....
EAT MY COOKED FLESH AND LIVE!
DETAIL OF NUTRIENTS
SO SHUT-UP AND THANK THE LORD, SILLY CREATURE MADE BY JESUS!!
I'M SO ASHAMED!


©1982 BY P. BAGGE + D. CARRINO
HER TRAGEDY IS A TRUE ONE!!! (AND SCARY!) SHE'S...
MARTINI BATON!
in
MURDER!
QUACK!
SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN!
MARTINI IS SUCH A SPOILED BRAT THAT HER FAMILY CELEBRATES CHANUKAH AND CHRISTMAS SO THAT THE KIDS CAN GET MORE PRESENTS! EVEN STILL, MARTINI'S HATRED FOR HER FAMILY CONTINUES TO GROW...
OUCH
OH DRADLE ♪ ♫ DRADLE DRADLE... I MADE IT OUT OF CLAY... SILENT NIGHT...
HOW DARLING!
HEY! BABY LISA GOT A WALLET! HOW COME I DIDN'T GET A WALLET?!?
OH NOW MARTINI, STOP ACTING LIKE A NIGGER CHILD!
WELP, CHILDREN CAN BE CRUEL, AND MARTINI IS NO EXCEPTION...
WHAT?!? HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A NIGGER CHILD!!!!
TAKE THAT!
HACK
CHOP
AND THAT!
BLAM!
WOW! MARTINI KILLED HER WHOLE FAMILY! AND NOW SHE'S TAKING PICTURES OF THE CARNAGE WITH HER NEW SX-70
HAW!
GROSS!
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THESE DEVELOPED!
WHAT A GOOF!
LATER MARTINI WISHED THAT SHE HADN'T OF BEEN SO MEAN...
BUT THEY DID CALL ME A NIGGER CHILD! YOU SAW!
I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE YOU ANY MORE, MARTINI!!
NEXT: THE FARM FAMILY!!


JESUS CRITTERS
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ★ "I ★ SUFFER ★ FOR ★ JESUS!"
SQUIRREL... ON THE CROSS FOR 6 YEARS!
I GAVE ALL MY ACORNS TO THE SALVATION ARMY!
I TOOK EXCESS LAXITIVES!
OUCH!
RODENT... ON THE CROSS FOR 15 YEARS!
I DONT EVER EAT FOOD!
I SOLD MY FAMILY AND GAVE THE MONEY TO THE POOR!
COW... ON THE CROSS FOR 90 YEARS!!
← YOU WIN! YAY!
I BIT OFF MY OWN FACE, PUT A NAIL THROUGH MY BRAIN, CUT OFF MY LEGS + UDDERS TO MAKE GROUND BEEF, + I STOPPED WEARING MAKE-UP!

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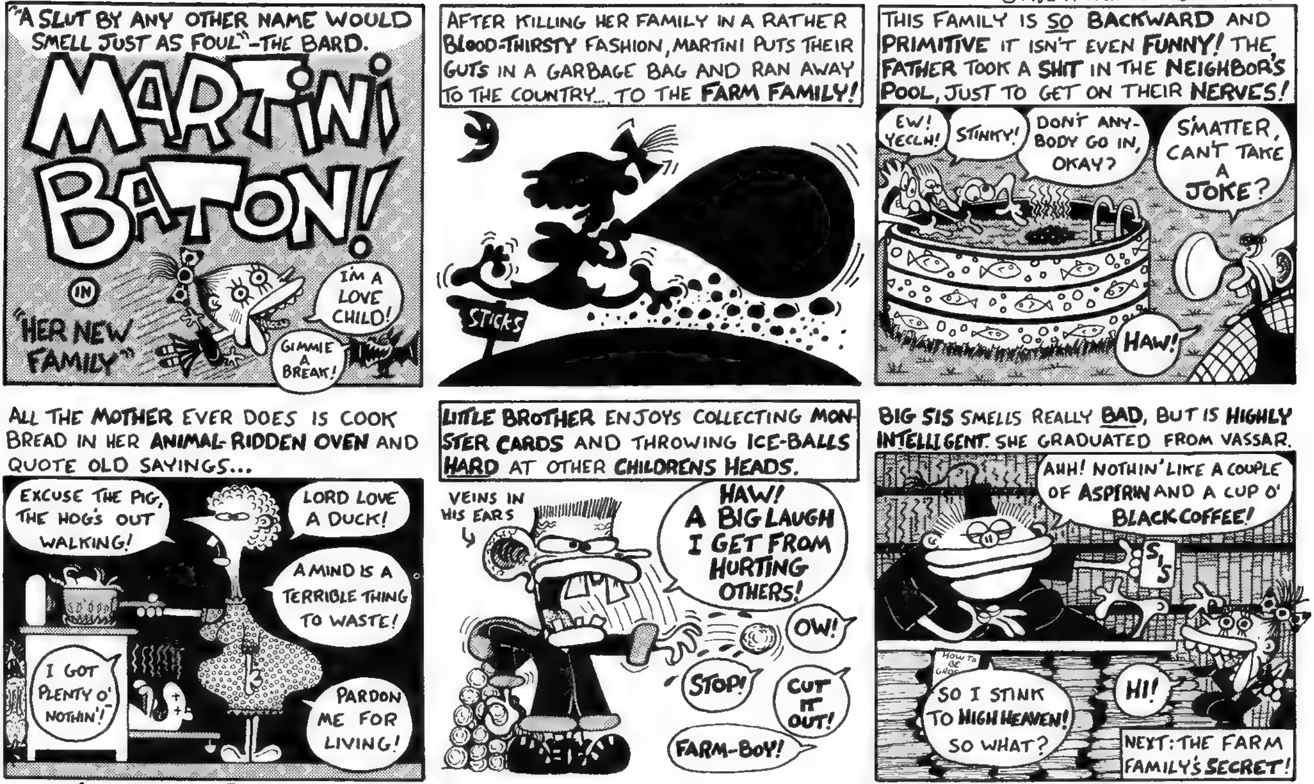
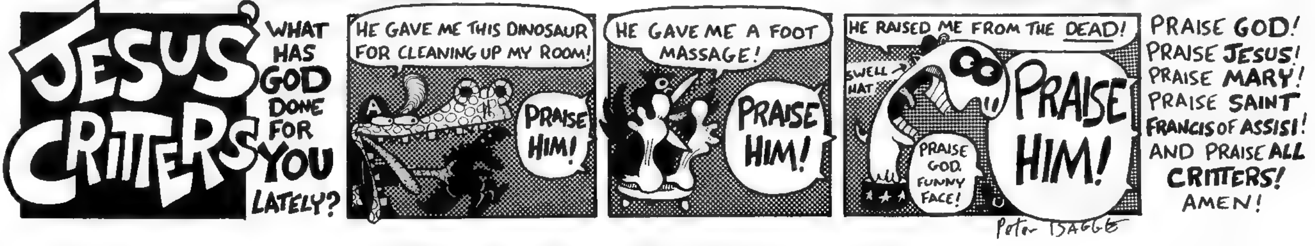
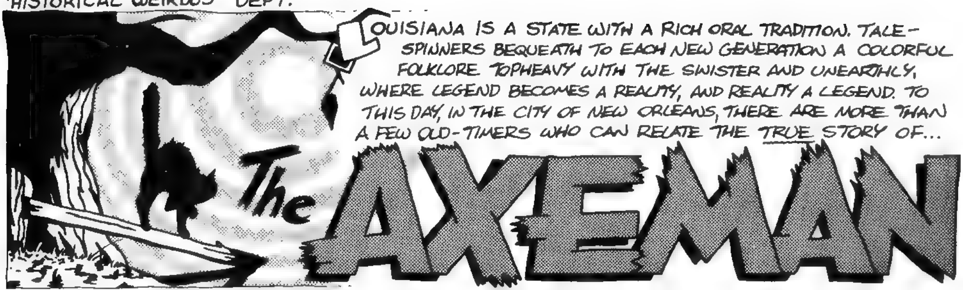

"A SLUT BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL JUST AS FOUL" -THE BARD.
MARTINI BATON!
IN
"HER NEW FAMILY"
I'M A LOVE CHILD!
GIMMIE A BREAK!
AFTER KILLING HER FAMILY IN A RATHER BLOOD-THIRSTY FASHION, MARTINI PUTS THEIR GUTS IN A GARBAGE BAG AND RAN AWAY TO THE COUNTRY... TO THE FARM FAMILY!
STICKS
THIS FAMILY IS SO BACKWARD AND PRIMITIVE IT ISN'T EVEN FUNNY! THE FATHER TOOK A SHIT IN THE NEIGHBOR'S POOL, JUST TO GET ON THEIR NERVES!
EW! YECCH!
STINKY!
DON'T ANYBODY GO IN, OKAY?
S'MATTER, CAN'T TAKE A JOKE?
HAW!
ALL THE MOTHER EVER DOES IS COOK BREAD IN HER ANIMAL-RIDDEN OVEN AND QUOTE OLD SAYINGS...
EXCUSE THE PIG, THE HOG'S OUT WALKING!
LORD LOVE A DUCK!
A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE!
I GOT PLENTY O' NOTHIN'!
PARDON ME FOR LIVING!
LITTLE BROTHER ENJOYS COLLECTING MONSTER CARDS AND THROWING ICE-BALLS HARD AT OTHER CHILDRENS HEADS.
VEINS IN HIS EARS
HAW! A BIG LAUGH I GET FROM HURTING OTHERS!
OW!
STOP!
CUT IT OUT!
FARM-BOY!
BIG SIS SMELLS REALLY BAD, BUT IS HIGHLY INTELLIGENT. SHE GRADUATED FROM VASSAR.
AHH! NOTHIN' LIKE A COUPLE OF ASPIRIN AND A CUP O' BLACK COFFEE!
SIS
HOW TO BE GROSS
HI!
SO I STINK TO HIGH HEAVEN! SO WHAT?
NEXT: THE FARM FAMILY'S SECRET!


JESUS CRITTERS
WHAT HAS GOD DONE FOR YOU LATELY?
HE GAVE ME THIS DINOSAUR FOR CLEANING UP MY ROOM!
PRAISE HIM!
HE GAVE ME A FOOT MASSAGE!
PRAISE HIM!
HE RAISED ME FROM THE DEAD!
SWELL HAT
PRAISE HIM!
PRAISE GOD. FUNNY FACE!
PRAISE GOD! PRAISE JESUS! PRAISE MARY! PRAISE SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI! AND PRAISE ALL CRITTERS! AMEN!
Peter Bagge

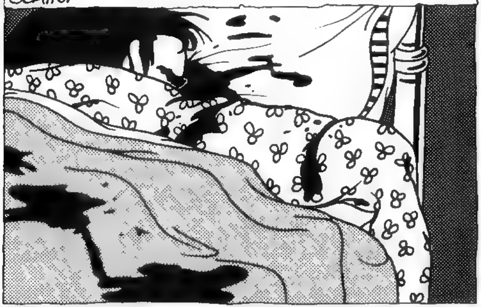
"HISTORICAL WEIRDOS" DEPT:



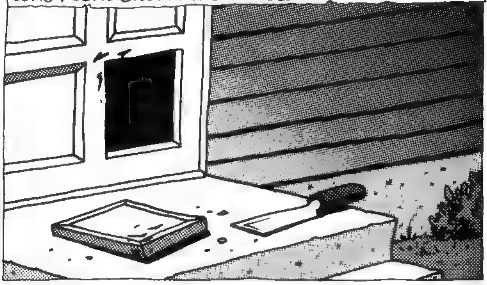
LOUISIANA IS A STATE WITH A RICH ORAL TRADITION. TALE-SPINNERS BEQUEATH TO EACH NEW GENERATION A COLORFUL FOLKLORE TOPHEAVY WITH THE SINISTER AND UNEARTHLY, WHERE LEGEND BECOMES A REALITY, AND REALITY A LEGEND. TO THIS DAY, IN THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, THERE ARE MORE THAN A FEW OLD-TIMERS WHO CAN RELATE THE TRUE STORY OF...

The AXEMAN

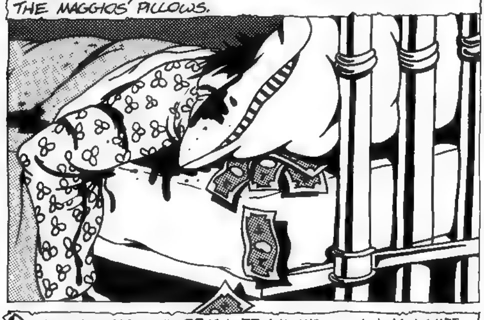
MAY 23, 1918: AN ITALIAN GROCER, JOSEPH MAGGIO, AND HIS WIFE ARE FOUND IN THEIR BEDS, BRUTALLY SLAIN.



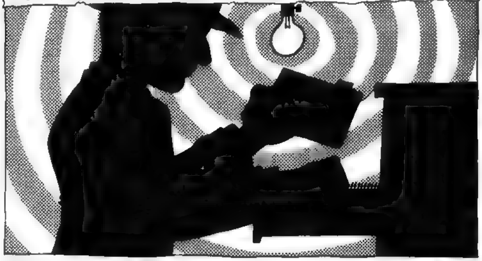
A CHISEL HAD BEEN USED TO REMOVE A PANEL IN THE REAR DOOR, PROVIDING THE MURDERER'S MEANS OF ENTRANCE. THE MURDER WEAPON, A BLOODY AXE, WAS FOUND UNDER THE HOUSE.



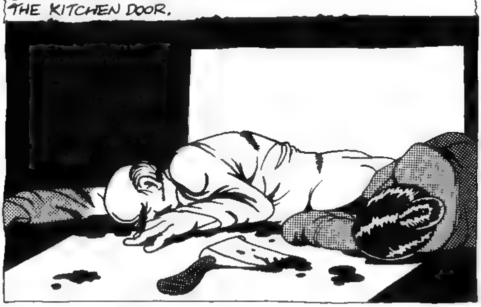
NO ITEMS IN THE HOUSE HAD BEEN DISTURBED OR STOLEN. VALUABLE JEWELRY LAY IN PLAIN SIGHT, UNTOUCHED. QUANTITIES OF BLOOD-STAINED MONEY WERE FOUND UNDER THE MAGGIOS' PILLOWS.



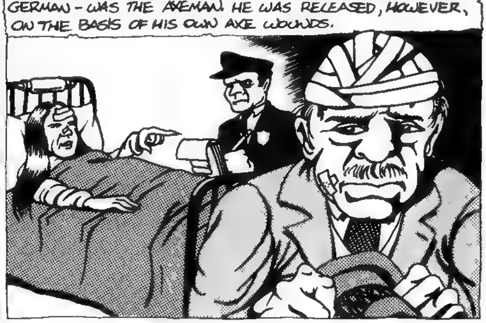
DETECTIVES INVESTIGATING THE MAGGIO MURDERS DISCOVERED LINKS TO A PREVIOUS SERIES OF AXE-MURDERS IN "LITTLE ITALY." ALL OF THE VICTIMS HAD BEEN ITALIAN GROCERS AND THEIR FAMILIES. ENTRANCE IN ALL CASES HAD BEEN GAINED THROUGH A REAR DOOR PANEL. ALL OF THE CRIMES HAD GONE UNSOLVED.

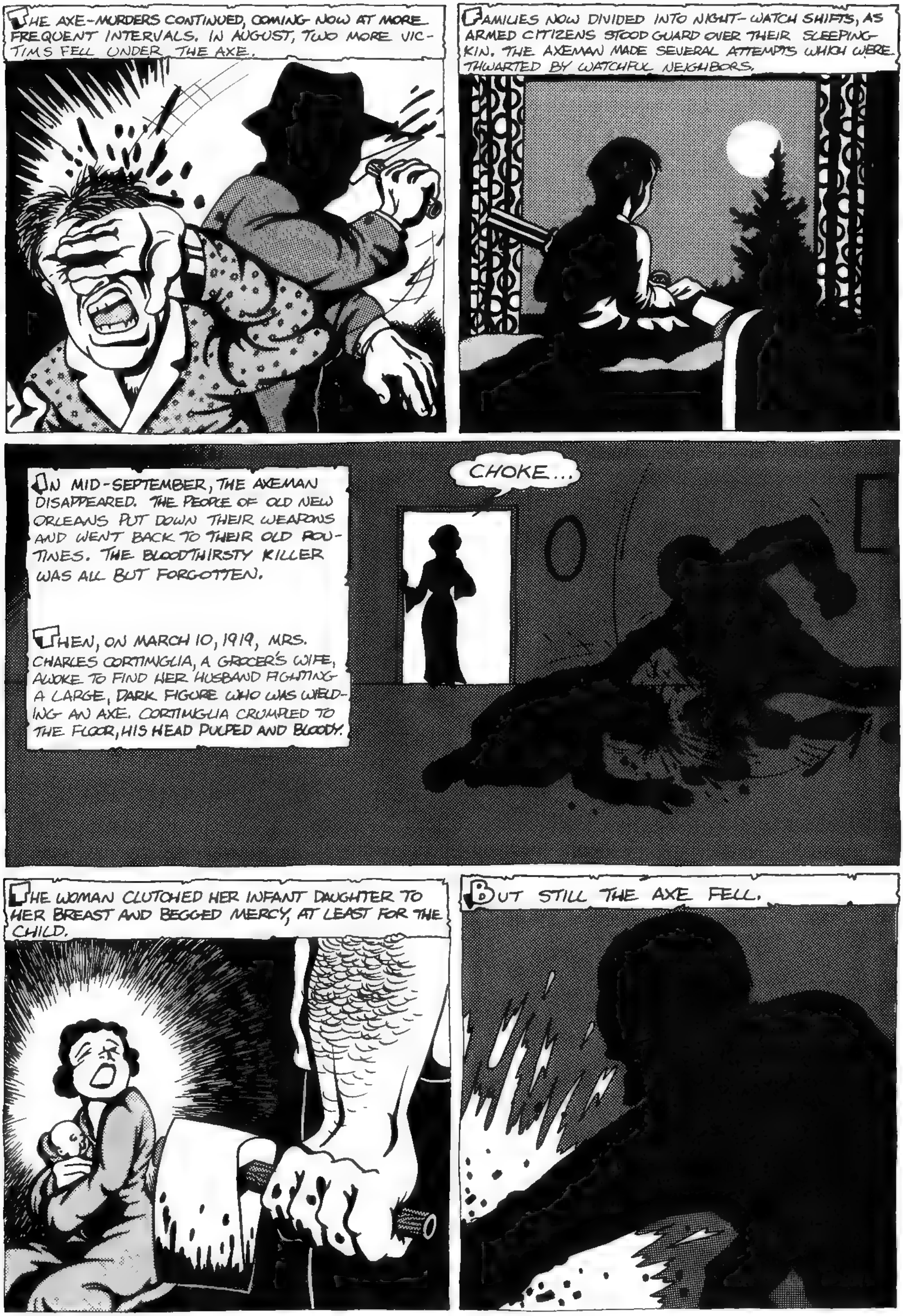


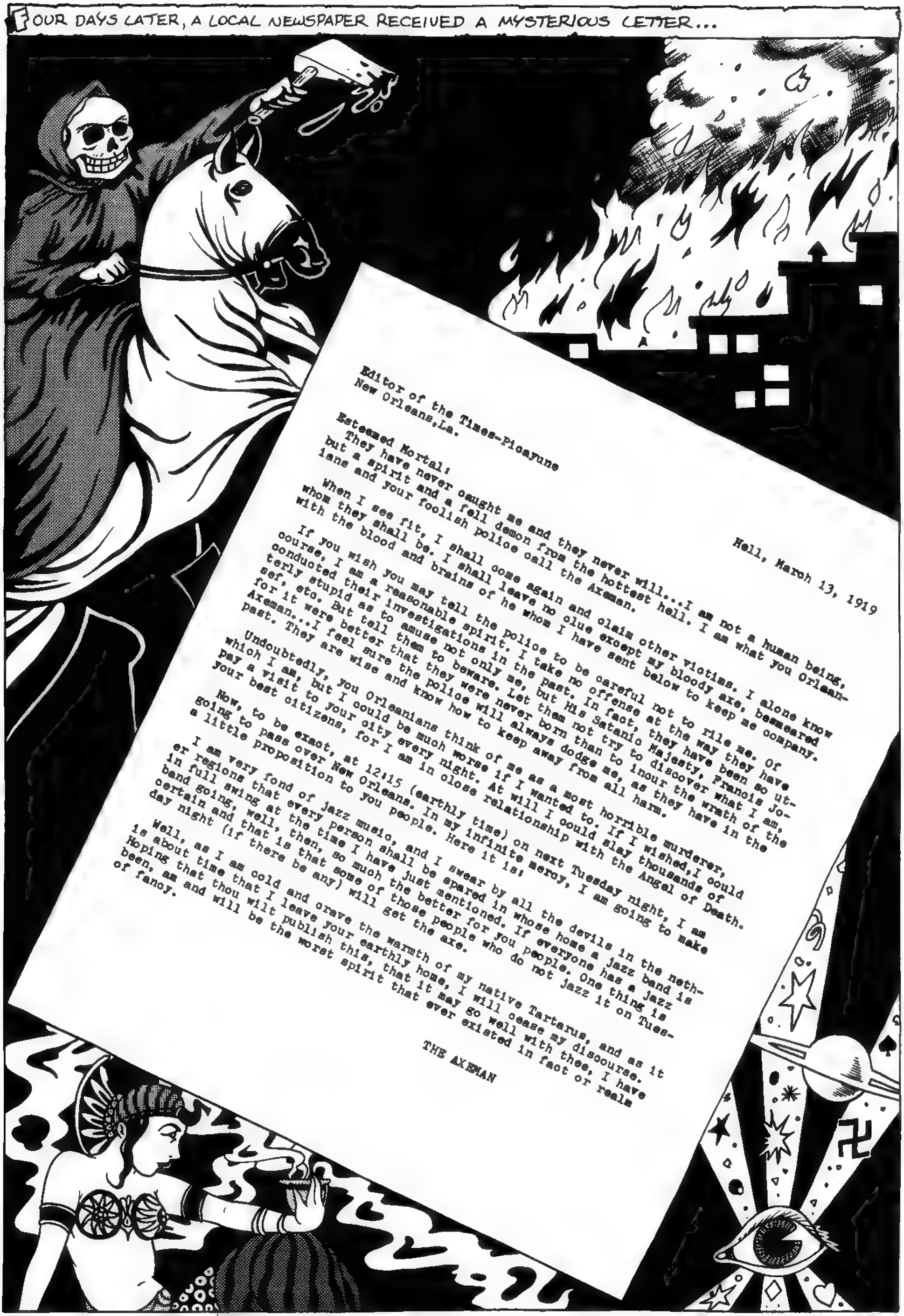
A MONTH LATER, LOUIS BESSUMER AND HIS COMMON-LAW WIFE, MRS. ANNIE HARRIET LOWE, WERE FOUND LYING IN A POOL OF THEIR OWN BLOOD IN A ROOM BEHIND BESSUMER'S GROCERY. BESIDE THEM LAY AN AXE. A PANEL WAS MISSING FROM THE KITCHEN DOOR.



BESSUMER RECOVERED. DYING IN THE HOSPITAL, MRS. LOWE CLAIMED BESSUMER WAS HER ASSAILANT. IN THIS WAR YEAR THE CITIZENRY WAS ALL TOO EAGER TO CONCLUDE THAT BESSUMER — A GERMAN — WAS THE AXEMAN. HE WAS RELEASED, HOWEVER, ON THE BASIS OF HIS OWN AXE WOUNDS.




THE AXE-MURDERS CONTINUED, COMING NOW AT MORE FREQUENT INTERVALS. IN AUGUST, TWO MORE VICTIMS FELL UNDER THE AXE.
FAMILIES NOW DIVIDED INTO NIGHT-WATCH SHIFTS, AS ARMED CITIZENS STOOD GUARD OVER THEIR SLEEPING KIN. THE AXEMAN MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS WHICH WERE THWARTED BY WATCHFUL NEIGHBORS.
IN MID-SEPTEMBER, THE AXEMAN DISAPPEARED. THE PEOPLE OF OLD NEW ORLEANS PUT DOWN THEIR WEAPONS AND WENT BACK TO THEIR OLD ROUTINES. THE BLOODTHIRSTY KILLER WAS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN.
THEN, ON MARCH 10, 1919, MRS. CHARLES CORTIMIGLIA, A GROCER'S WIFE, AWOKE TO FIND HER HUSBAND FIGHTING A LARGE, DARK FIGURE WHO WAS WIELDING AN AXE. CORTIMIGLIA CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR, HIS HEAD PULPED AND BLOODY.
CHOKE...
THE WOMAN CLUTCHED HER INFANT DAUGHTER TO HER BREAST AND BEGGED MERCY, AT LEAST FOR THE CHILD.
BUT STILL THE AXE FELL.


FOUR DAYS LATER, A LOCAL NEWSPAPER RECEIVED A MYSTERIOUS LETTER...

Hell, March 13, 1919

Editor of the Times-Picayune
New Orleans,La.

Esteemed Mortal:

They have never caught me and they never will...I am not a human being, but a spirit and a fell demon from the hottest hell. I am what you Orleanians and your foolish police call the Axeman.

When I see fit, I shall come again and claim other victims. I alone know whom they shall be. I shall leave no clue except my bloody axe, besmeared with the blood and brains of he whom I have sent below to keep me company.

If you wish you may tell the police to be careful not to rile me. Of course, I am a reasonable spirit. I take no offense at the way they have conducted their investigations in the past. In fact, they have been so utterly stupid as to amuse not only me, but His Satanic Majesty, Francis Josef, etc. But tell them to beware. Let them not try to discover what I am, for it were better that they were never born than to incur the wrath of the Axeman...I feel sure the police will always dodge me, as they have in the past. They are wise and know how to keep away from all harm.

Undoubtedly, you Orleanians think of me as a most horrible murderer, which I am, but I could be much worse if I wanted to. If I wished,I could pay a visit to your city every night. At will I could slay thousands of your best citizens, for I am in close relationship with the Angel of Death.

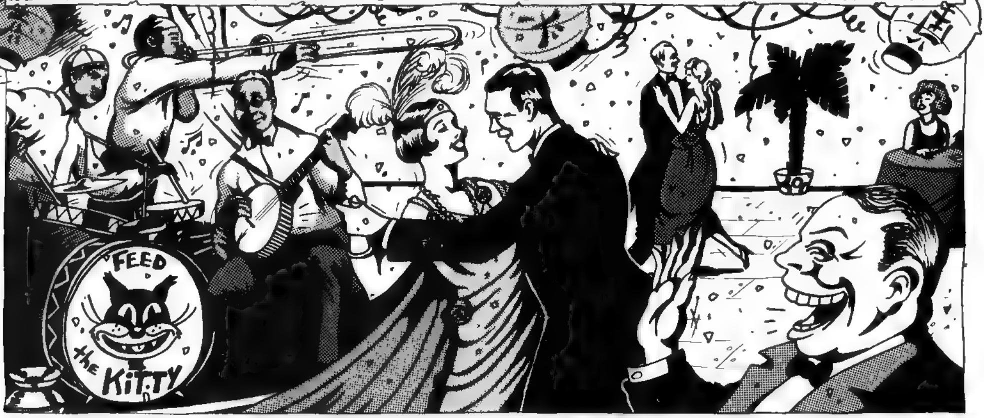
Now, to be exact, at 12:15 (earthly time) on next Tuesday night, I am going to pass over New Orleans. In my infinite mercy, I am going to make a little proposition to you people. Here it is:

I am very fond of jazz music, and I swear by all the devils in the nether regions that every person shall be spared in whose home a jazz band is in full swing at the time I have just mentioned. If everyone has a jazz band going, well, then, so much the better for you people. One thing is certain and that is that some of those people who do not jazz it on Tuesday night (if there be any) will get the axe.

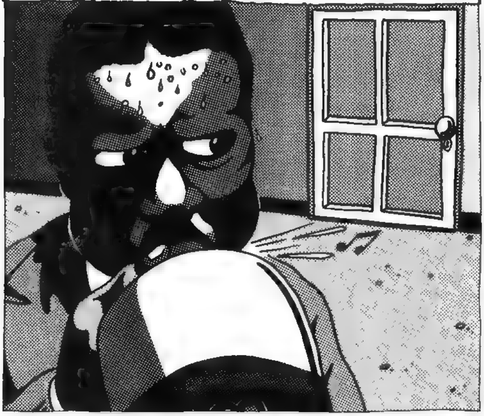
Well, as I am cold and crave the warmth of my native Tartarus, and as it is about time that I leave your earthly home, I will cease my discourse. Hoping that thou wilt publish this, that it may go well with thee, I have been, am and will be the worst spirit that ever existed in fact or realm of fancy.

THE AXEMAN

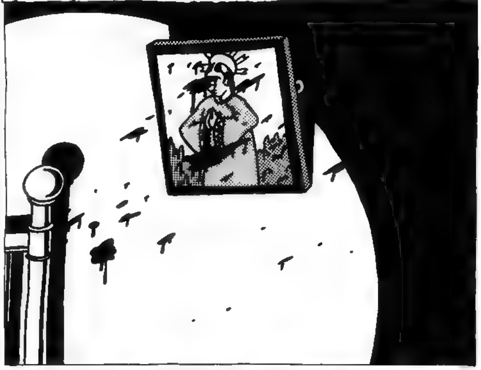
THAT TUESDAY NIGHT SAW THE BIGGEST PARTY IN THE HISTORY OF THE CRESCENT CITY. CABARETS WERE FILLED TO CAPACITY. PHONOGRAPHS BLARED. STRING BANDS WAILED IN THE NEGRO DISTRICTS.



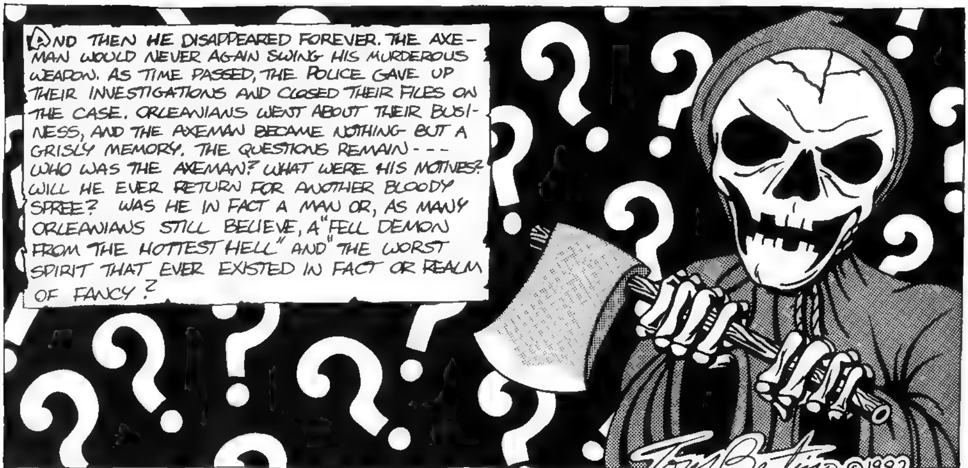
THE JAZZ-LOVING AXEMAN WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD, HOWEVER, FOR HE TOOK NO LIVES THAT NIGHT.



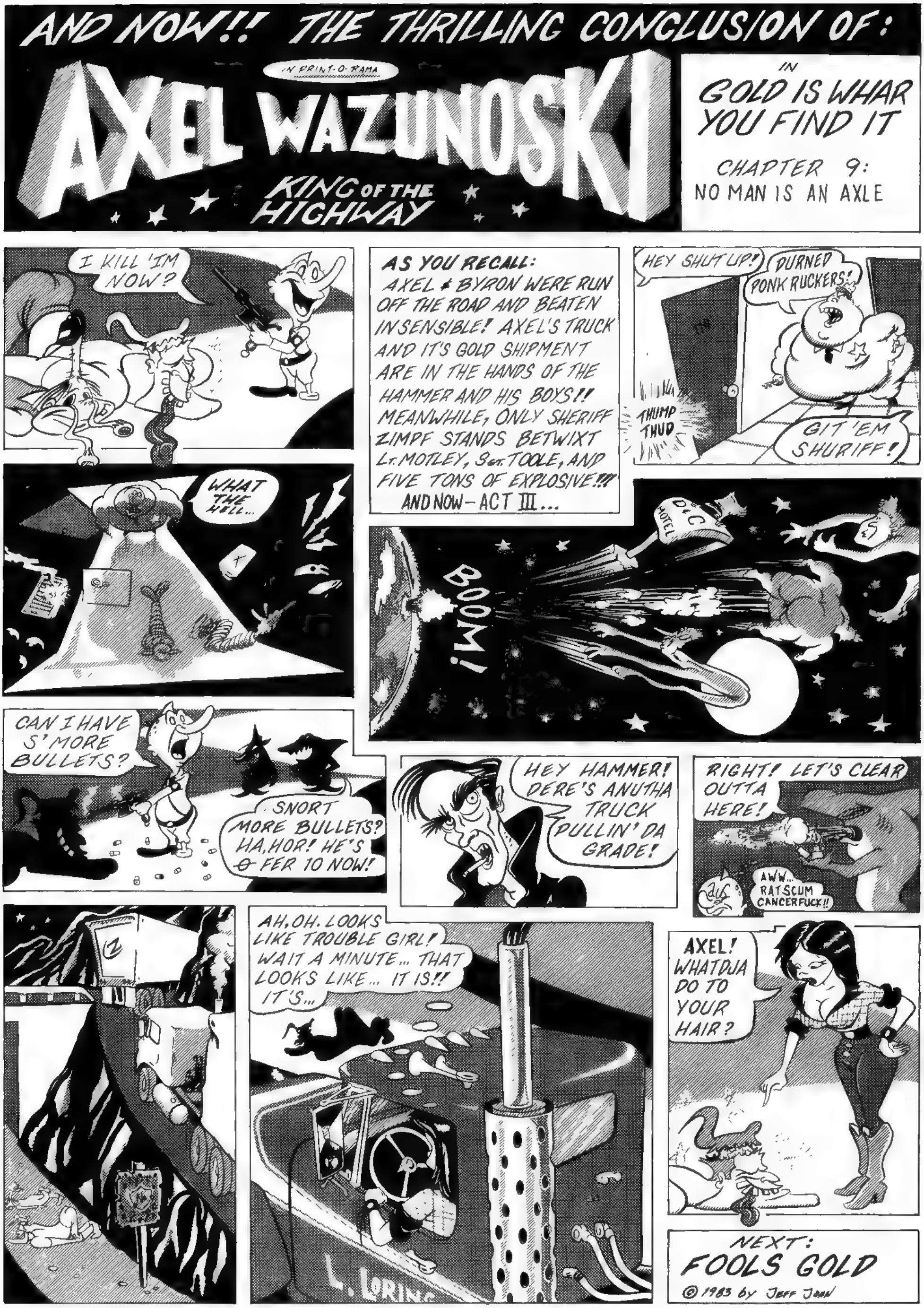
IT WAS NOT UNTIL OCTOBER THAT THE AXEMAN RETURNED FOR ONE PARTING SHOT. MIKE PEPITONE, ANOTHER GROCER, WAS SLAUGHTERED IN HIS BED. A PICTURE OF THE HOLY VIRGIN, HANGING NEARBY, WAS SPATTERED WITH HIS BLOOD.

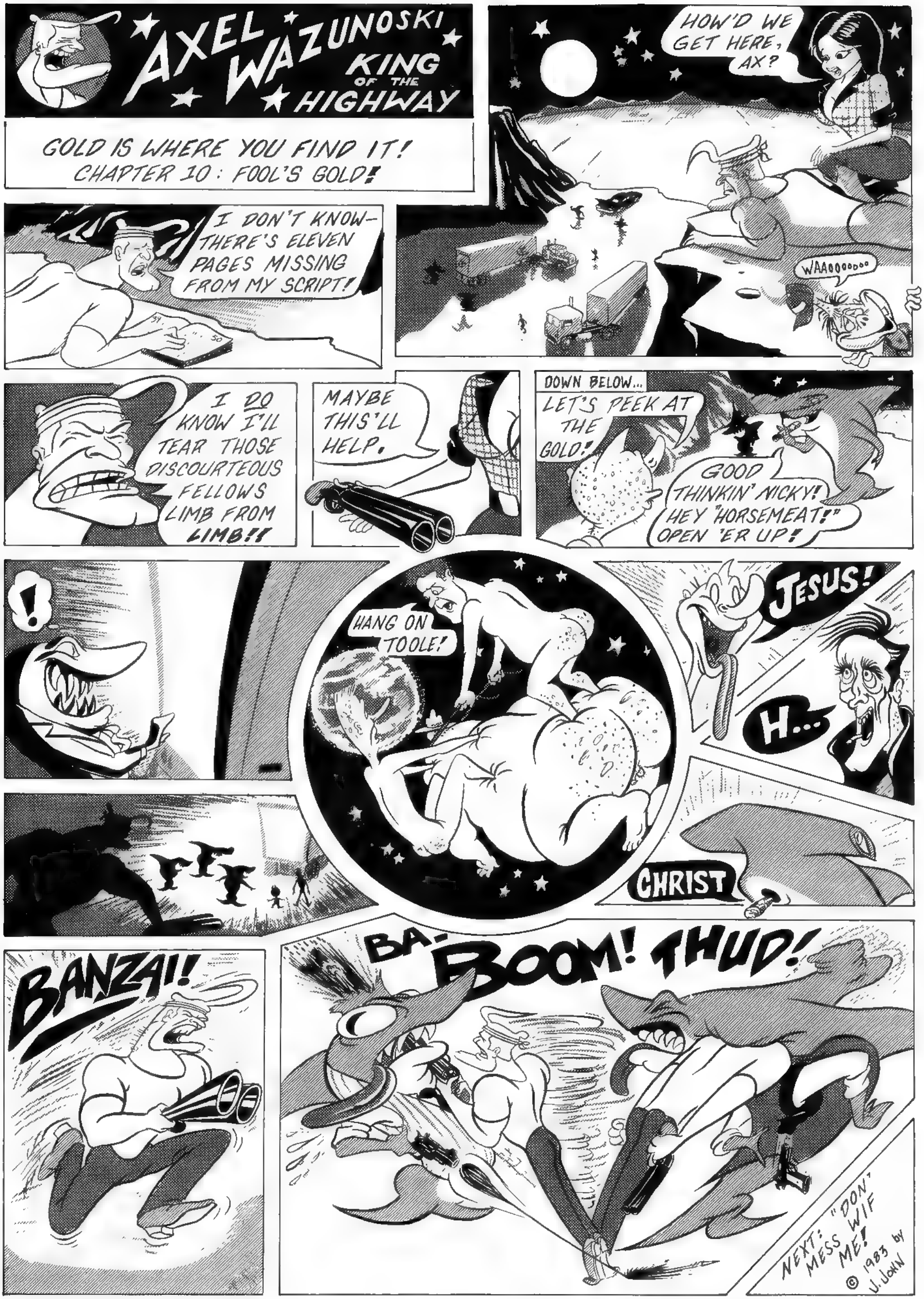


AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED FOREVER. THE AXEMAN WOULD NEVER AGAIN SWING HIS MURDEROUS WEAPON. AS TIME PASSED, THE POLICE GAVE UP THEIR INVESTIGATIONS AND CLOSED THEIR FILES ON THE CASE. ORLEANIANS WENT ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS, AND THE AXEMAN BECAME NOTHING BUT A GRISLY MEMORY. THE QUESTIONS REMAIN--- WHO WAS THE AXEMAN? WHAT WERE HIS MOTIVES? WILL HE EVER RETURN FOR ANOTHER BLOODY SPREE? WAS HE IN FACT A MAN OR, AS MANY ORLEANIANS STILL BELIEVE, A "FELL DEMON FROM THE HOTTEST HELL" AND "THE WORST SPIRIT THAT EVER EXISTED IN FACT OR REALM OF FANCY"?



Tony Bertino ©1982


AND NOW!! THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF:
IN PRINT-O-RAMA
AXEL WAZUNOSKI
KING OF THE HIGHWAY
IN
GOLD IS WHAR YOU FIND IT
CHAPTER 9:
NO MAN IS AN AXLE
I KILL 'IM NOW?
AS YOU RECALL: AXEL & BYRON WERE RUN OFF THE ROAD AND BEATEN INSENSIBLE! AXEL'S TRUCK AND IT'S GOLD SHIPMENT ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE HAMMER AND HIS BOYS!! MEANWHILE, ONLY SHERIFF ZIMPF STANDS BETWIXT Lt. MOTLEY, Sgt. TOOLE, AND FIVE TONS OF EXPLOSIVE!!!
AND NOW - ACT III...
HEY SHUT UP!
DURNED PONK RUCKERS!
THUMP THUD
GIT 'EM SHURIFF!
WHAT THE HELL...
D&C MOTEL
BOOM!
CAN I HAVE S'MORE BULLETS?
SNORT MORE BULLETS? HA, HOR! HE'S 0 FER 10 NOW!
HEY HAMMER! DERE'S ANUTHA TRUCK PULLIN' DA GRADE!
RIGHT! LET'S CLEAR OUTTA HERE!
AWW... RATSCUM CANCERFUCK!!
AH, OH. LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE GIRL! WAIT A MINUTE... THAT LOOKS LIKE... IT IS!! IT'S...
L. LORING
AXEL! WHATDJA DO TO YOUR HAIR?
NEXT:
FOOLS GOLD
© 1983 by JEFF JOHN


AXEL WAZUNOSKI
KING OF THE HIGHWAY
GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!
CHAPTER 10 : FOOL'S GOLD!
HOW'D WE GET HERE, AX?
I DON'T KNOW— THERE'S ELEVEN PAGES MISSING FROM MY SCRIPT!
39
50
WAAOOOOOOO
I DO KNOW I'LL TEAR THOSE DISCOURTEOUS FELLOWS LIMB FROM LIMB!!
MAYBE THIS'LL HELP.
DOWN BELOW...
LET'S PEEK AT THE GOLD!
GOOD THINKIN' NICKY! HEY "HORSEMEAT!" OPEN 'ER UP!
!
HANG ON TOOLE!
JESUS!
H...
CHRIST
BANZAI!
BA-BOOM! THUD!
NEXT: "DON' MESS WIF ME!"
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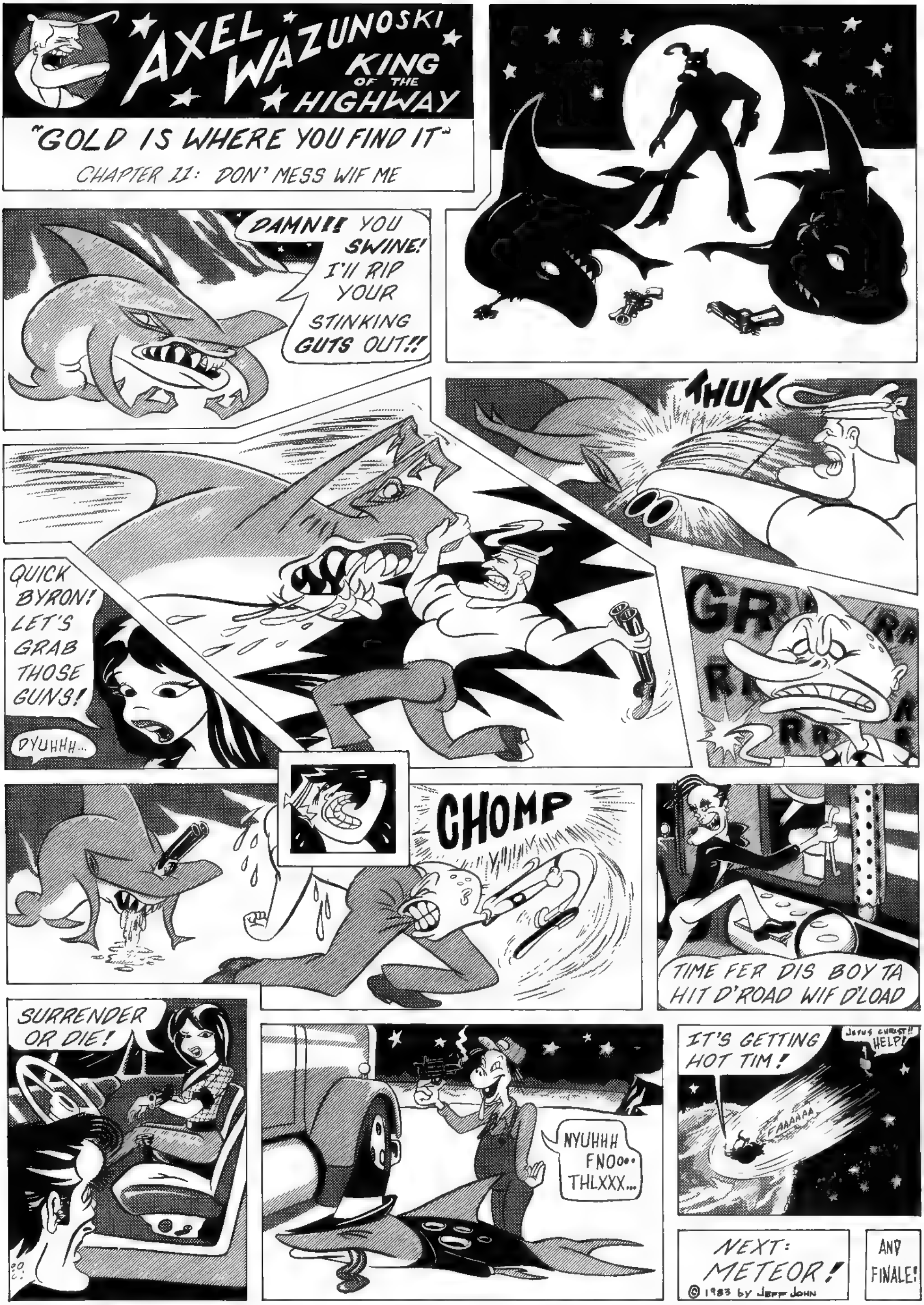
AXEL WAZUNOSKI KING OF THE HIGHWAY

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

CHAPTER 11: DON' MESS WIF ME


DAMN!! YOU SWINE! I'll RIP YOUR STINKING GUTS OUT!!
THUK
QUICK BYRON! LET'S GRAB THOSE GUNS!
DYUHHH...
GRRRRRRR
CHOMP
TIME FER DIS BOY TA HIT D'ROAD WIF D'LOAD
SURRENDER OR DIE!
NYUHHH FNOO... THLXXX...
IT'S GETTING HOT TIM!
JESUS CHRIST!! HELP!
FAAAAAA
NEXT: METEOR!
AND FINALE!

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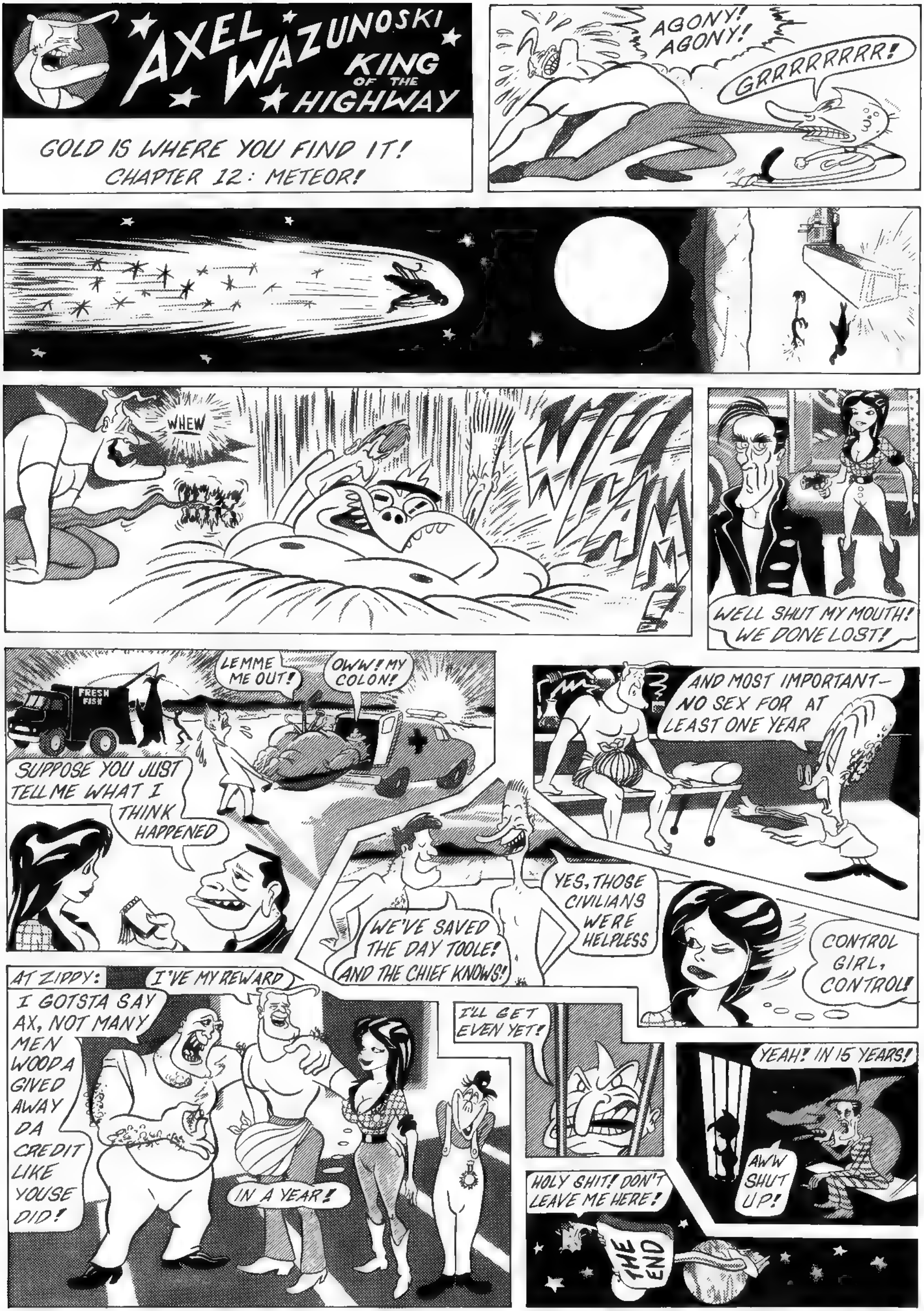
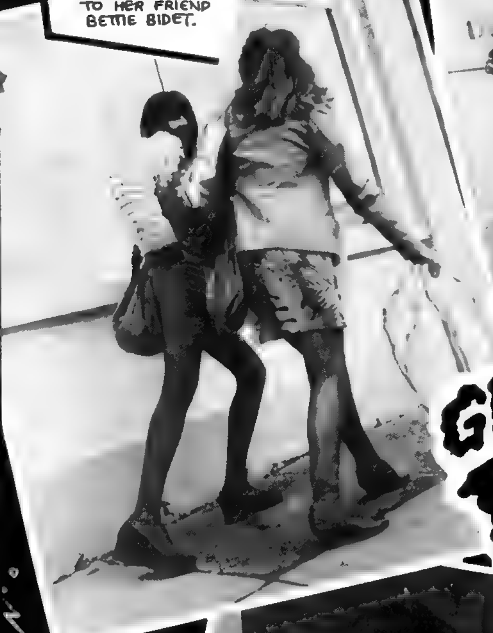
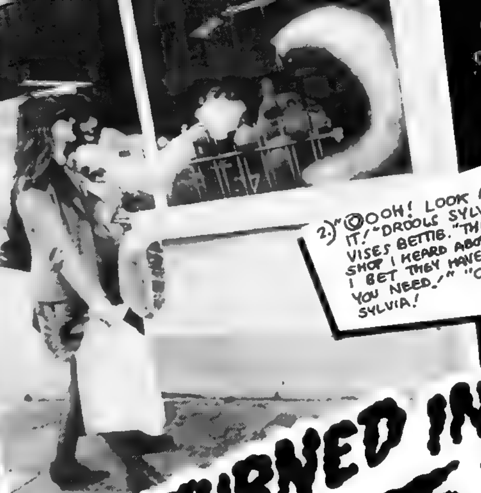

AXEL WAZUNOSKI
KING OF THE HIGHWAY
GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!
CHAPTER 12: METEOR!
AGONY! AGONY!
GRRRRRRRR!
WHEW
WHAM
WELL SHUT MY MOUTH! WE DONE LOST!
FRESH FISH
LEMME ME OUT!
OWW! MY COLON!
SUPPOSE YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT I THINK HAPPENED
AND MOST IMPORTANT- NO SEX FOR AT LEAST ONE YEAR
WE'VE SAVED THE DAY TOOLE! AND THE CHIEF KNOWS!
YES, THOSE CIVILIANS WERE HELPLESS
CONTROL GIRL, CONTROL!
AT ZIPPY:
I'VE MY REWARD
I GOTSTA SAY AX, NOT MANY MEN WOODA GIVED AWAY DA CREDIT LIKE YOUSE DID!
IN A YEAR!
I'LL GET EVEN YET!
YEAH! IN 15 YEARS!
AWW SHUT UP!
HOLY SHIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!
THE END

© 1983 by JEFF JOHN * SPECIAL THANKS TO JOHN KRICFALUSI *

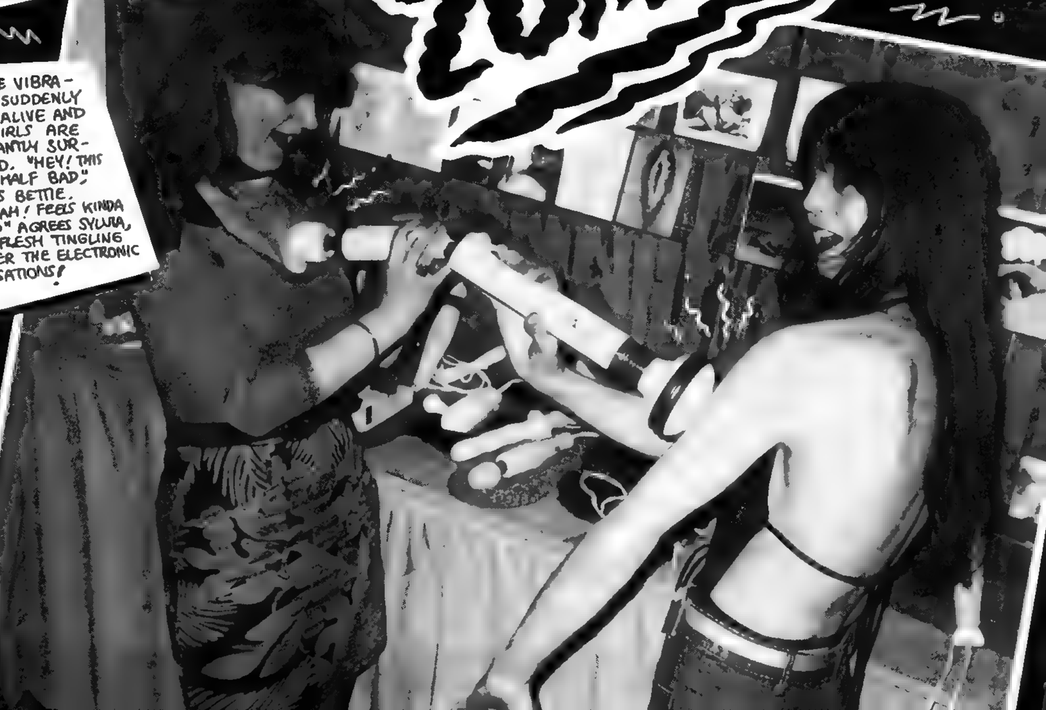
GIRLS TURNED INTO VIBRATOR ZOMBIES!



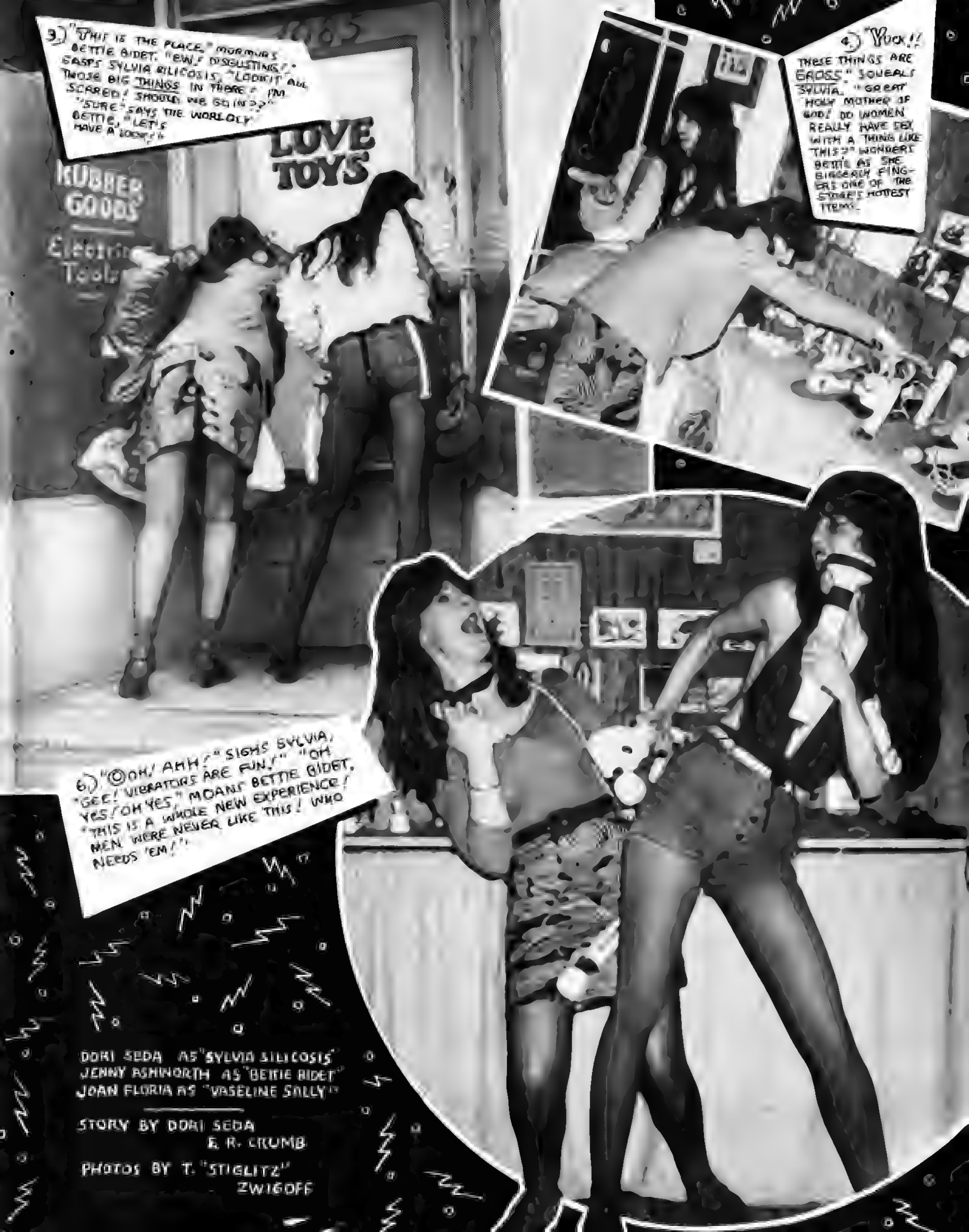
1.) Two sweet young things are out shopping and yakking about their favorite subject—sex! "I haven't had any for so-o-o long and it's driving me nuts," whines frustrated Sylvia Silicosis to her friend Bettie Bidet.



2.) "Oooh! Look at that! Let's buy it!" drools Sylvia. "Cool it," advises Bettie. "There's a new little shop I heard about on this street. I bet they have just the item you need." "Oh goody!" shrieks Sylvia!



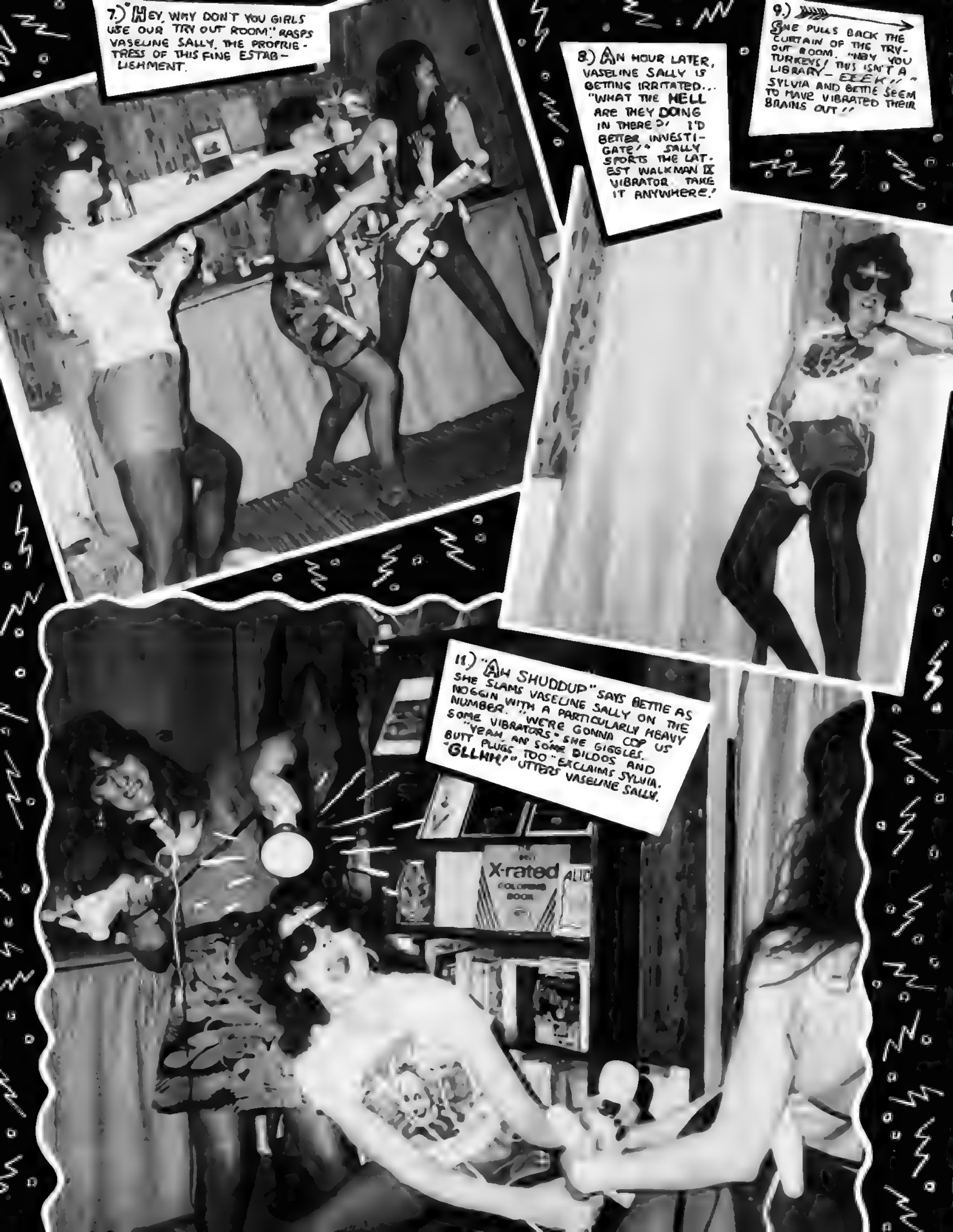
5.) The vibrators suddenly come alive and the girls are pleasantly surprised. "Hey! This isn't half bad," purrs Bettie. "Yeah! Feels kinda good" agrees Sylvia, her flesh tingling under the electronic sensations!


3.) "THIS IS THE PLACE," MURMURS BETTIE BIDET. "EW! DISGUSTING!" GASPS SYLVIA SILICOSIS. "LOOKIT ALL THOSE BIG THINGS IN THERE! I'M SCARED! SHOULD WE GO IN??" "SURE" SAYS THE WORLDLY BETTIE, "LET'S HAVE A LOOK!"
RUBBER GOODS
Electric Tools
LOVE TOYS
4.) "YUCK!! THESE THINGS ARE GROSS" SQUEALS SYLVIA. "GREAT HOLY MOTHER OF GOD! DO WOMEN REALLY HAVE SEX WITH A THING LIKE THIS?" WONDERS BETTIE AS SHE BIGGERLY FINGERS ONE OF THE STORE'S HOTTEST ITEMS.
6.) "OOH! AHH!" SIGHS SYLVIA, "GEE! VIBRATORS ARE FUN!" "OH YES! OH YES," MOANS BETTIE BIDET. "THIS IS A WHOLE NEW EXPERIENCE! MEN WERE NEVER LIKE THIS! WHO NEEDS 'EM!"

DORI SEDA AS "SYLVIA SILICOSIS"
JENNY ASHWORTH AS "BETTIE BIDET"
JOAN FLORIA AS "VASELINE SALLY"

STORY BY DORI SEDA
E R. CRUMB

PHOTOS BY T. "STIGLITZ"
ZWIGOFF

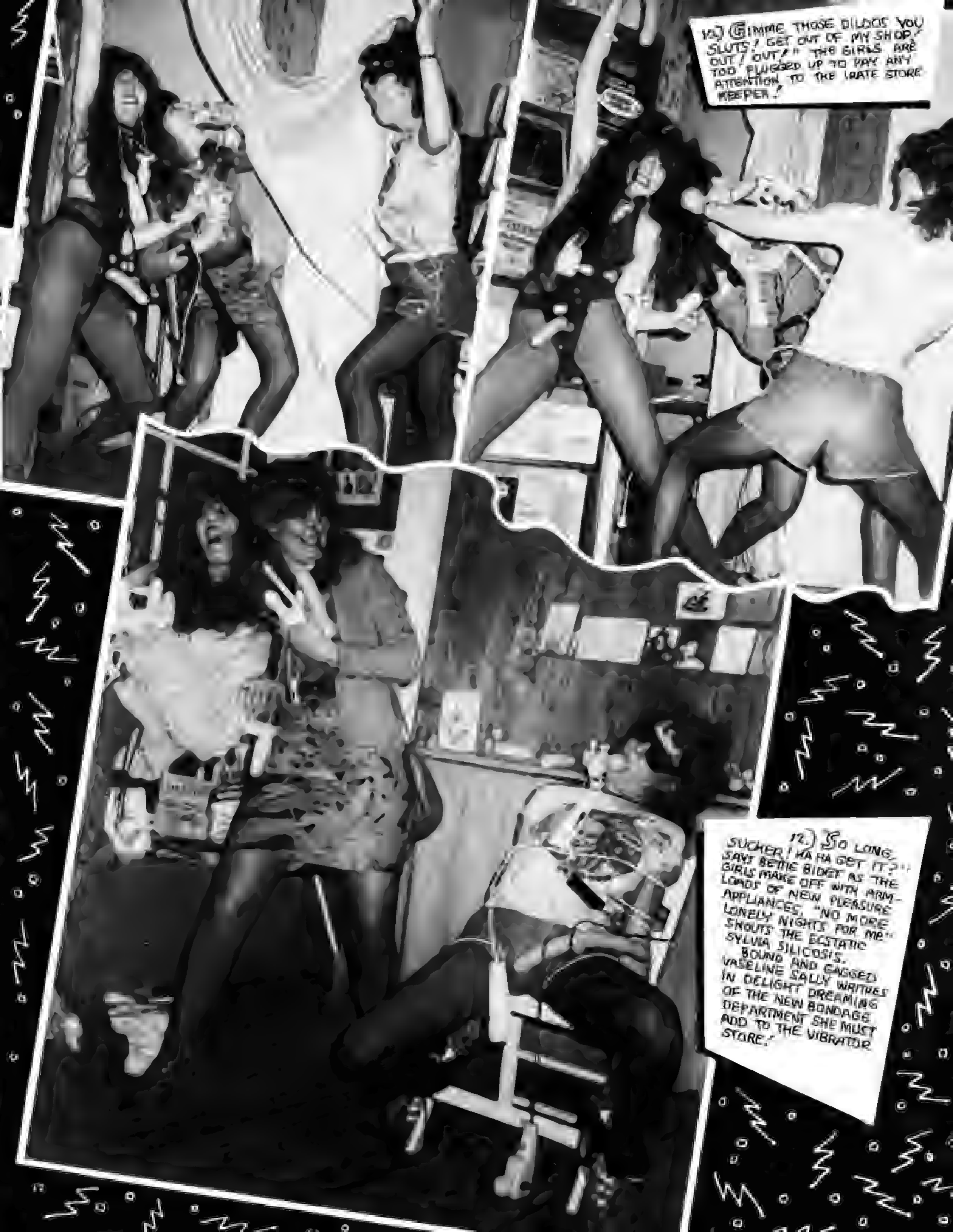


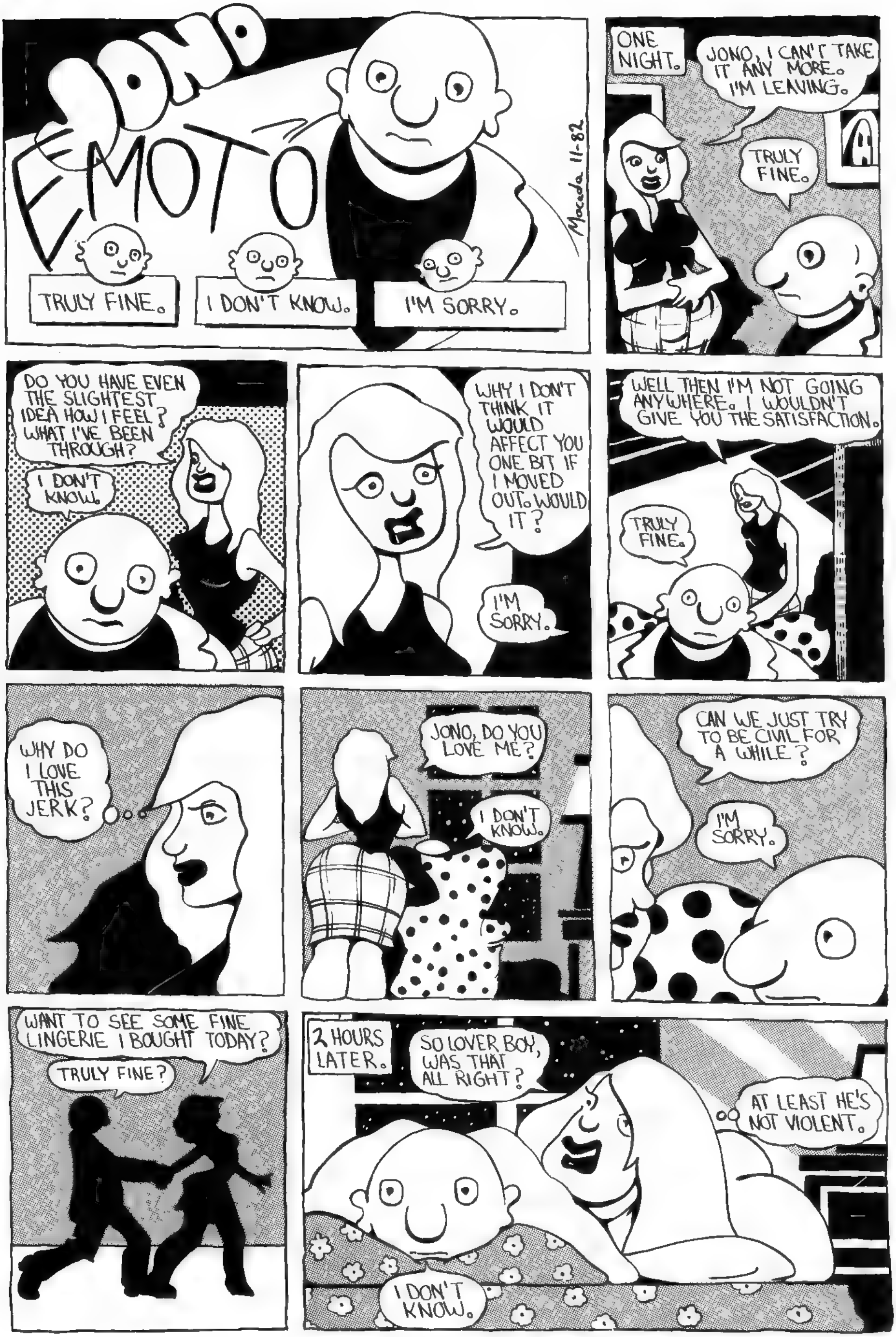
7.) "Hey, why don't you girls use our try out room" rasps Vaseline Sally, the proprietress of this fine establishment.

8.) An hour later, Vaseline Sally is getting irritated... "What the HELL are they DOING in there?/ I'd better investigate/" Sally sports the latest Walkman IX vibrator. Take it anywhere!

9.) She pulls back the curtain of the try-out room. "Hey you turkeys/ this isn't a library – EEEK//" Sylvia and Bettie seem to have vibrated their brains out!!

11.) "Ah shuddup" says Bettie as she slams Vaseline Sally on the noggin with a particularly heavy number. "We're gonna cop us some vibrators." she giggles. "Yeah, an some dildos and butt plugs too" exclaims Sylvia. "GLLHH!" utters Vaseline Sally.

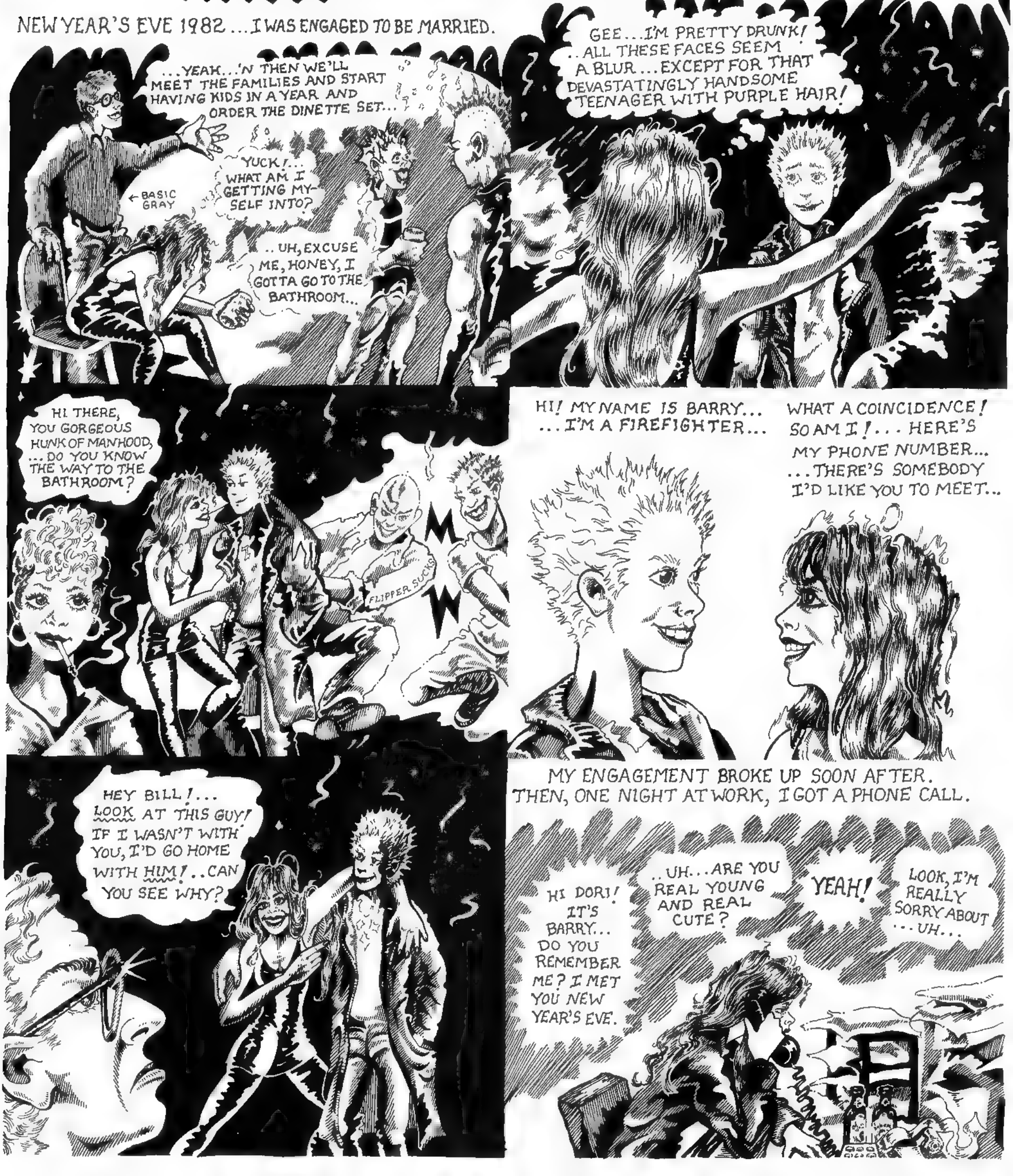

11.) "GIMME THOSE DILDOS YOU SLUTS! GET OUT OF MY SHOP! OUT! OUT!" THE GIRLS ARE TOO PLUGGED UP TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE IRATE STORE KEEPER!
12.) "SO LONG, SUCKER! HA HA GET IT?" SAYS BETTIE BIDET AS THE GIRLS MAKE OFF WITH ARM-LOADS OF NEW PLEASURE APPLIANCES. "NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS FOR ME" SHOUTS THE ECSTATIC SYLVIA SILICOSIS. BOUND AND GAGGED VASELINE SALLY WRITHES IN DELIGHT DREAMING OF THE NEW BONDAGE DEPARTMENT SHE MUST ADD TO THE VIBRATOR STORE!

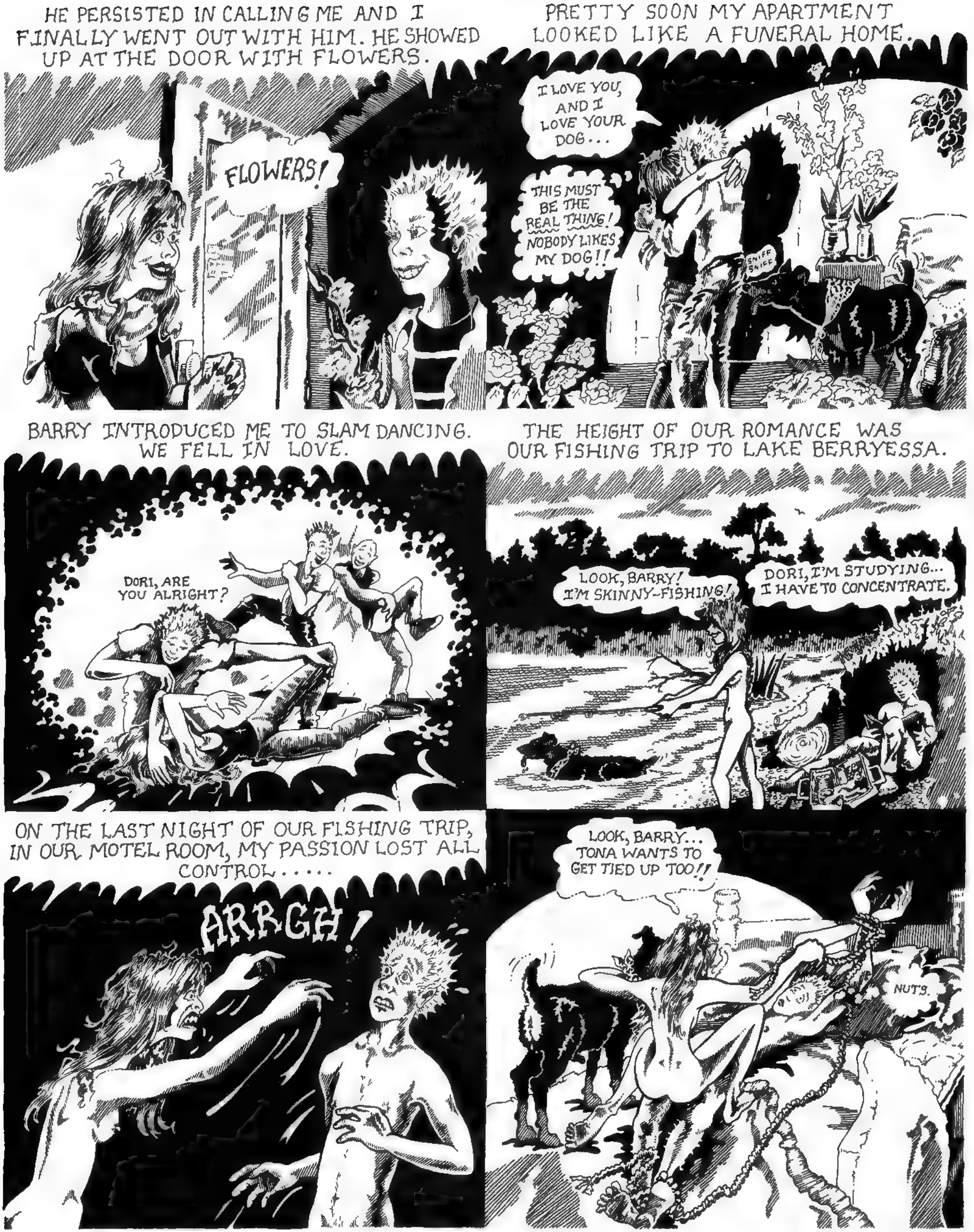
JONO EMOTO
Maeda 11-82
TRULY FINE.
I DON'T KNOW.
I'M SORRY.
ONE NIGHT.
JONO, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE. I'M LEAVING.
TRULY FINE.
DO YOU HAVE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST IDEA HOW I FEEL? WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH?
I DON'T KNOW.
WHY I DON'T THINK IT WOULD AFFECT YOU ONE BIT IF I MOVED OUT. WOULD IT?
I'M SORRY.
WELL THEN I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION.
TRULY FINE.
WHY DO I LOVE THIS JERK?
JONO, DO YOU LOVE ME?
I DON'T KNOW.
CAN WE JUST TRY TO BE CIVIL FOR A WHILE?
I'M SORRY.
WANT TO SEE SOME FINE LINGERIE I BOUGHT TODAY?
TRULY FINE?
2 HOURS LATER.
SO LOVER BOY, WAS THAT ALL RIGHT?
AT LEAST HE'S NOT VIOLENT.
I DON'T KNOW.

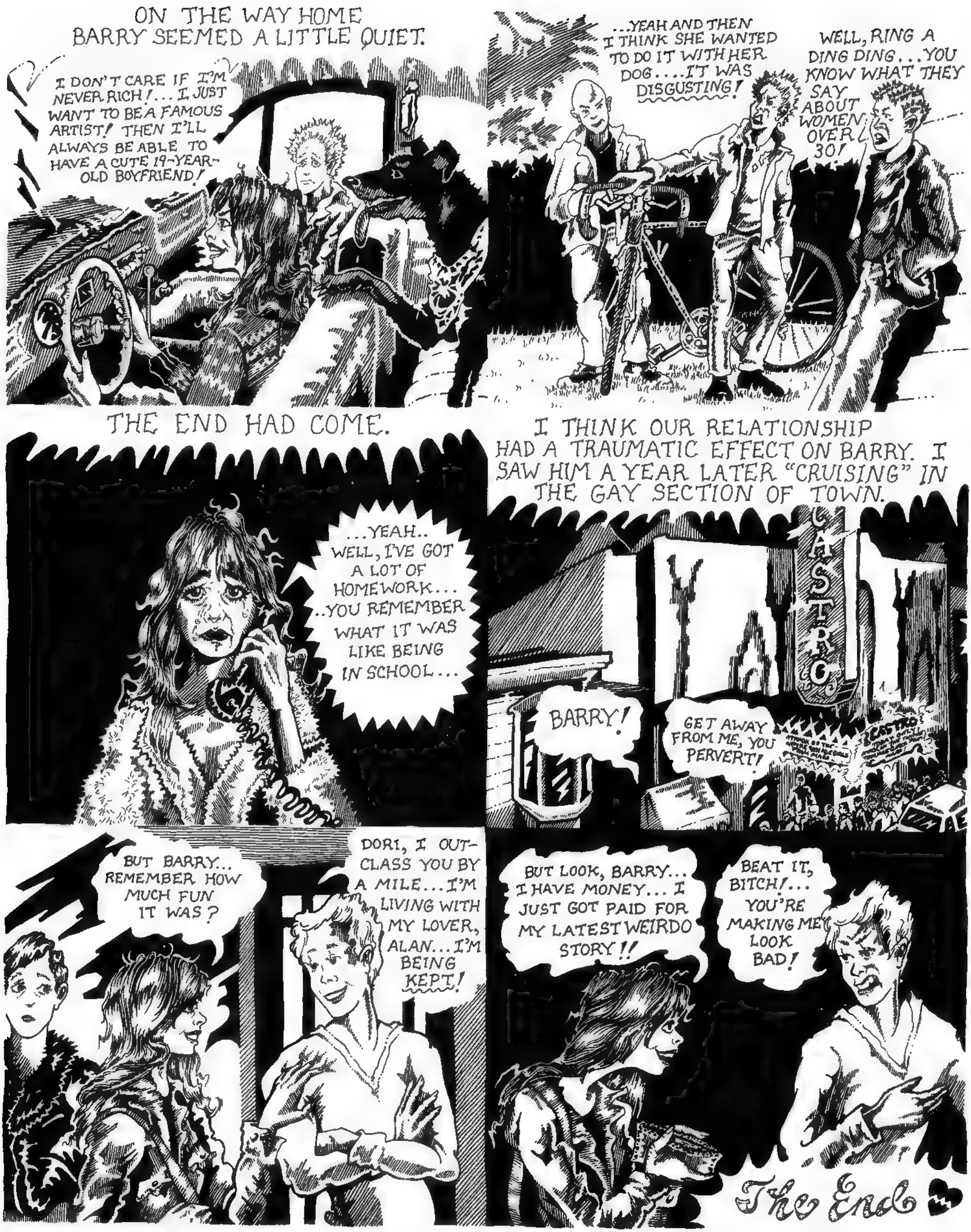
The Love Life of an Artist...

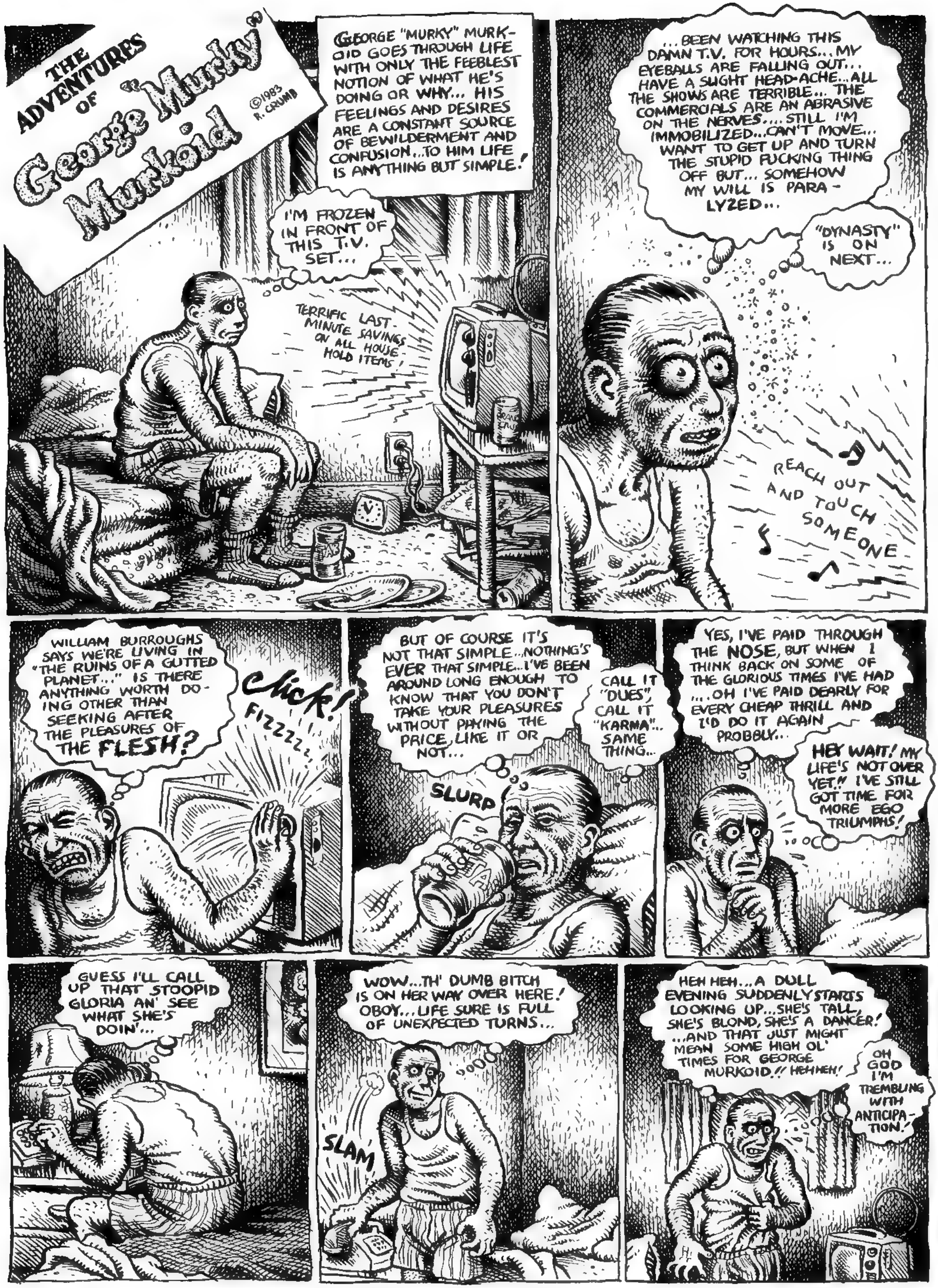
©1983 DORI SEDA

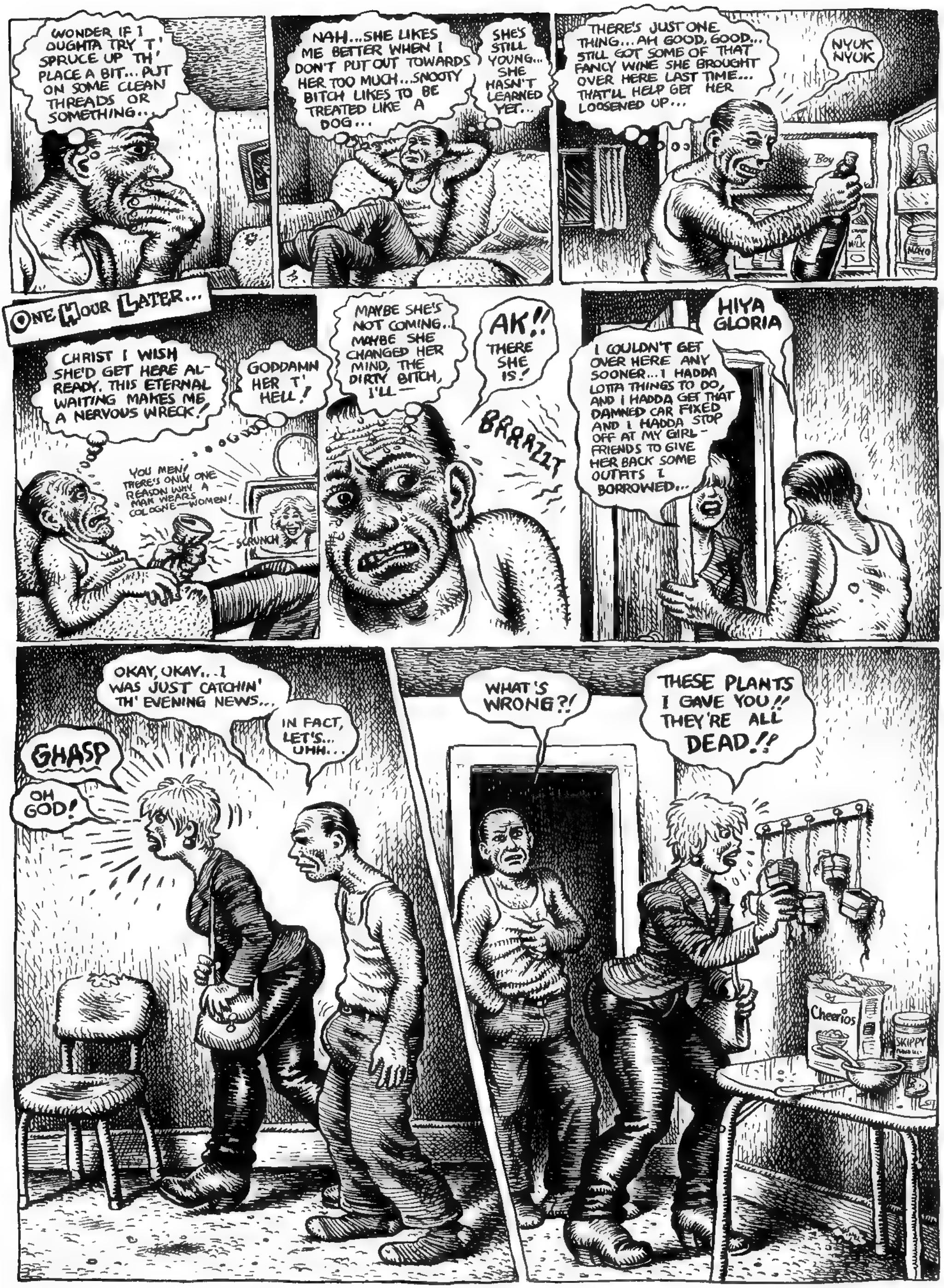
...or..."You Know what they say about older women and younger men!"

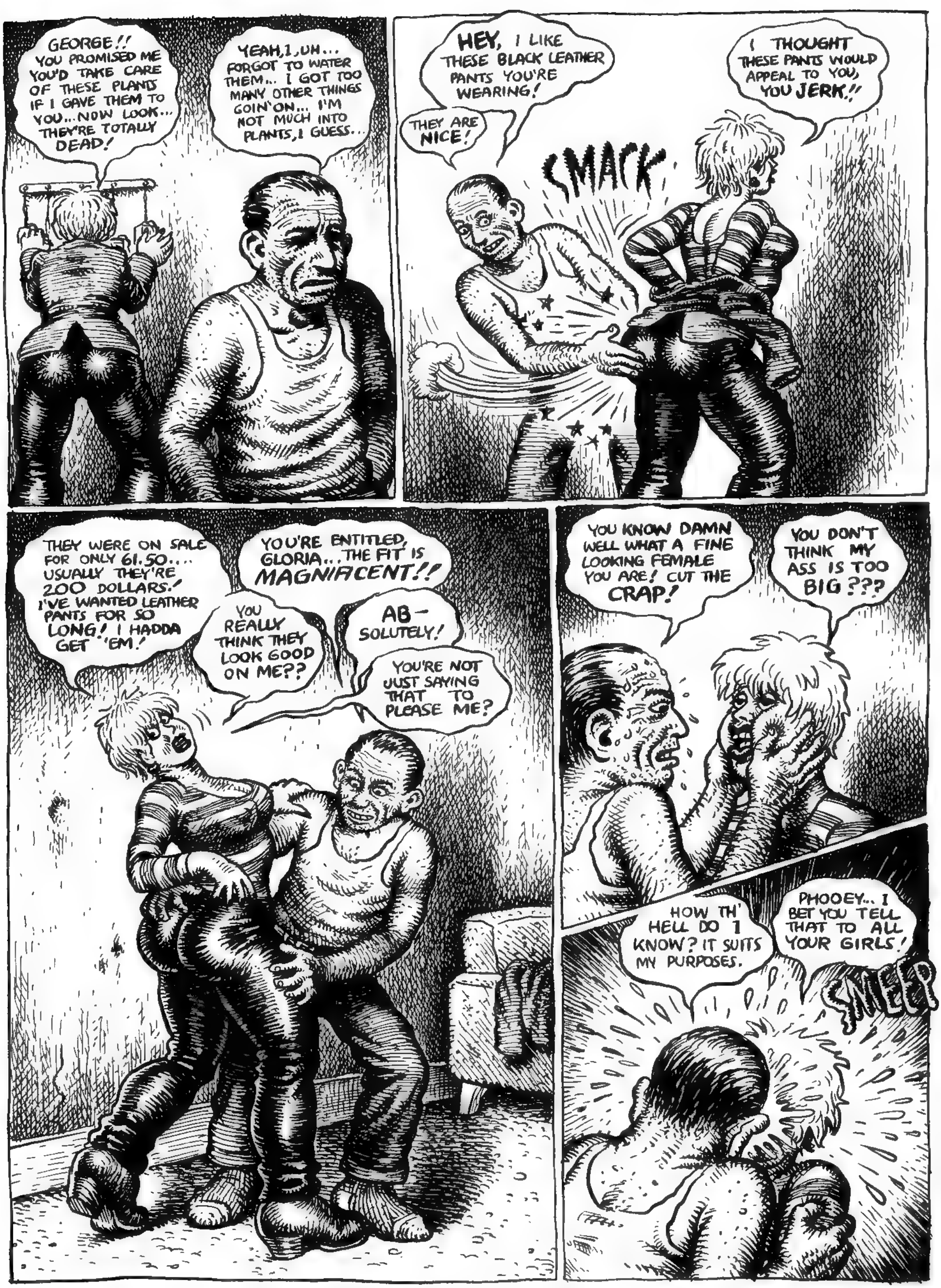

NEW YEAR'S EVE 1982 ... I WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.
...YEAH...'N THEN WE'LL MEET THE FAMILIES AND START HAVING KIDS IN A YEAR AND ORDER THE DINETTE SET...
← BASIC GRAY
YUCK!... WHAT AM I GETTING MYSELF INTO?
..UH, EXCUSE ME, HONEY, I GOTTA GO TO THE BATHROOM...
GEE...I'M PRETTY DRUNK! ..ALL THESE FACES SEEM A BLUR...EXCEPT FOR THAT DEVASTATINGLY HANDSOME TEENAGER WITH PURPLE HAIR!
HI THERE, YOU GORGEOUS HUNK OF MANHOOD, ...DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO THE BATHROOM?
FLIPPER SUCKS
M
W
HI! MY NAME IS BARRY... ...I'M A FIREFIGHTER...
WHAT A COINCIDENCE! SO AM I!... HERE'S MY PHONE NUMBER... ...THERE'S SOMEBODY I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET...
HEY BILL!... LOOK AT THIS GUY! IF I WASN'T WITH YOU, I'D GO HOME WITH HIM!..CAN YOU SEE WHY?
MY ENGAGEMENT BROKE UP SOON AFTER. THEN, ONE NIGHT AT WORK, I GOT A PHONE CALL.
HI DORI! IT'S BARRY... DO YOU REMEMBER ME? I MET YOU NEW YEAR'S EVE.
..UH...ARE YOU REAL YOUNG AND REAL CUTE?
YEAH!
LOOK, I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT ...UH...

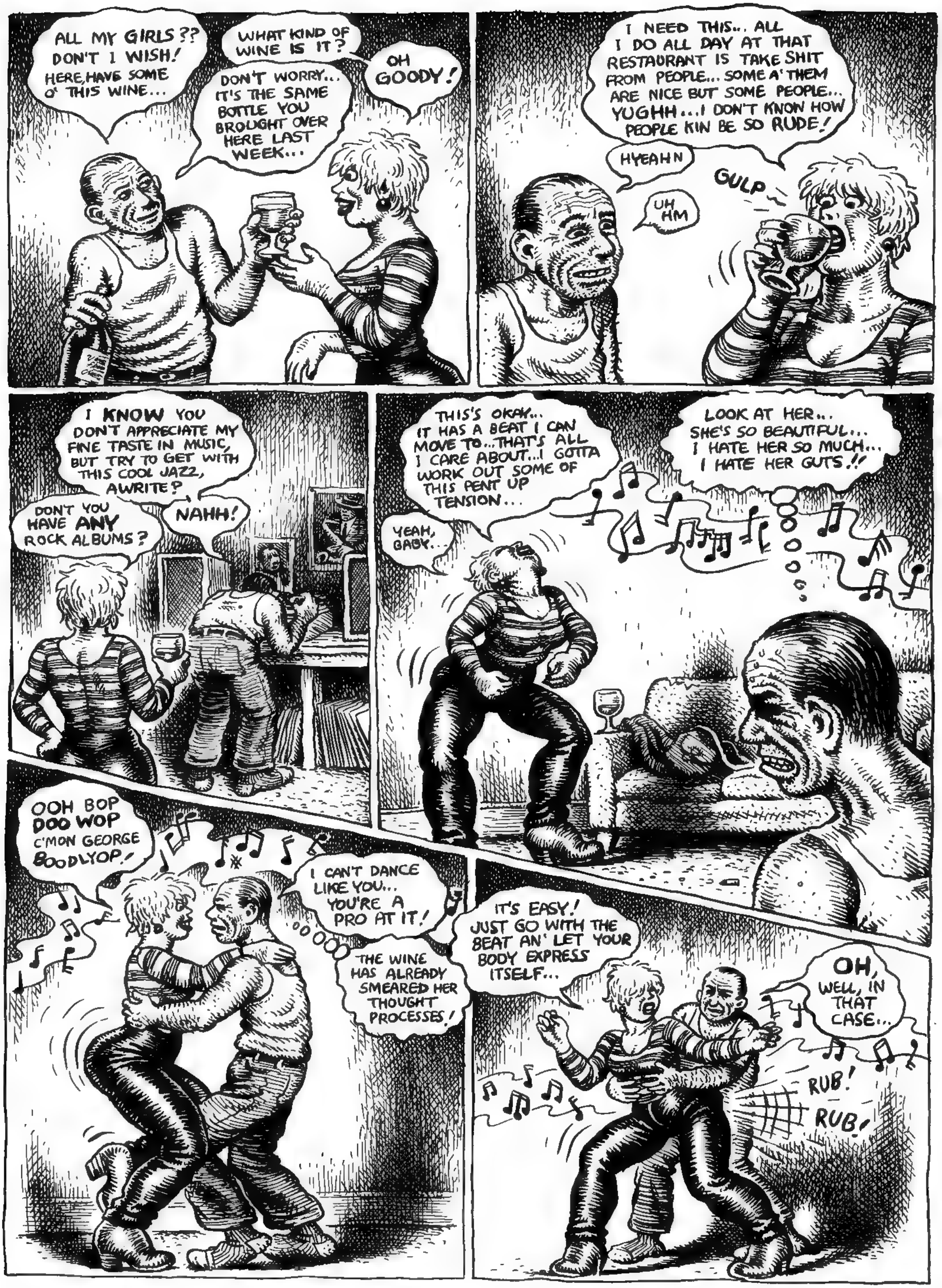

HE PERSISTED IN CALLING ME AND I FINALLY WENT OUT WITH HIM. HE SHOWED UP AT THE DOOR WITH FLOWERS.
FLOWERS!
PRETTY SOON MY APARTMENT LOOKED LIKE A FUNERAL HOME.
I LOVE YOU, AND I LOVE YOUR DOG...
THIS MUST BE THE REAL THING! NOBODY LIKES MY DOG!!
SNIFF SNIFF
BARRY INTRODUCED ME TO SLAM DANCING. WE FELL IN LOVE.
DORI, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
THE HEIGHT OF OUR ROMANCE WAS OUR FISHING TRIP TO LAKE BERRYESSA.
LOOK, BARRY! I'M SKINNY-FISHING!
DORI, I'M STUDYING... I HAVE TO CONCENTRATE.
ON THE LAST NIGHT OF OUR FISHING TRIP, IN OUR MOTEL ROOM, MY PASSION LOST ALL CONTROL.....
ARRGH!
LOOK, BARRY... TONA WANTS TO GET TIED UP TOO!!
NUTS.

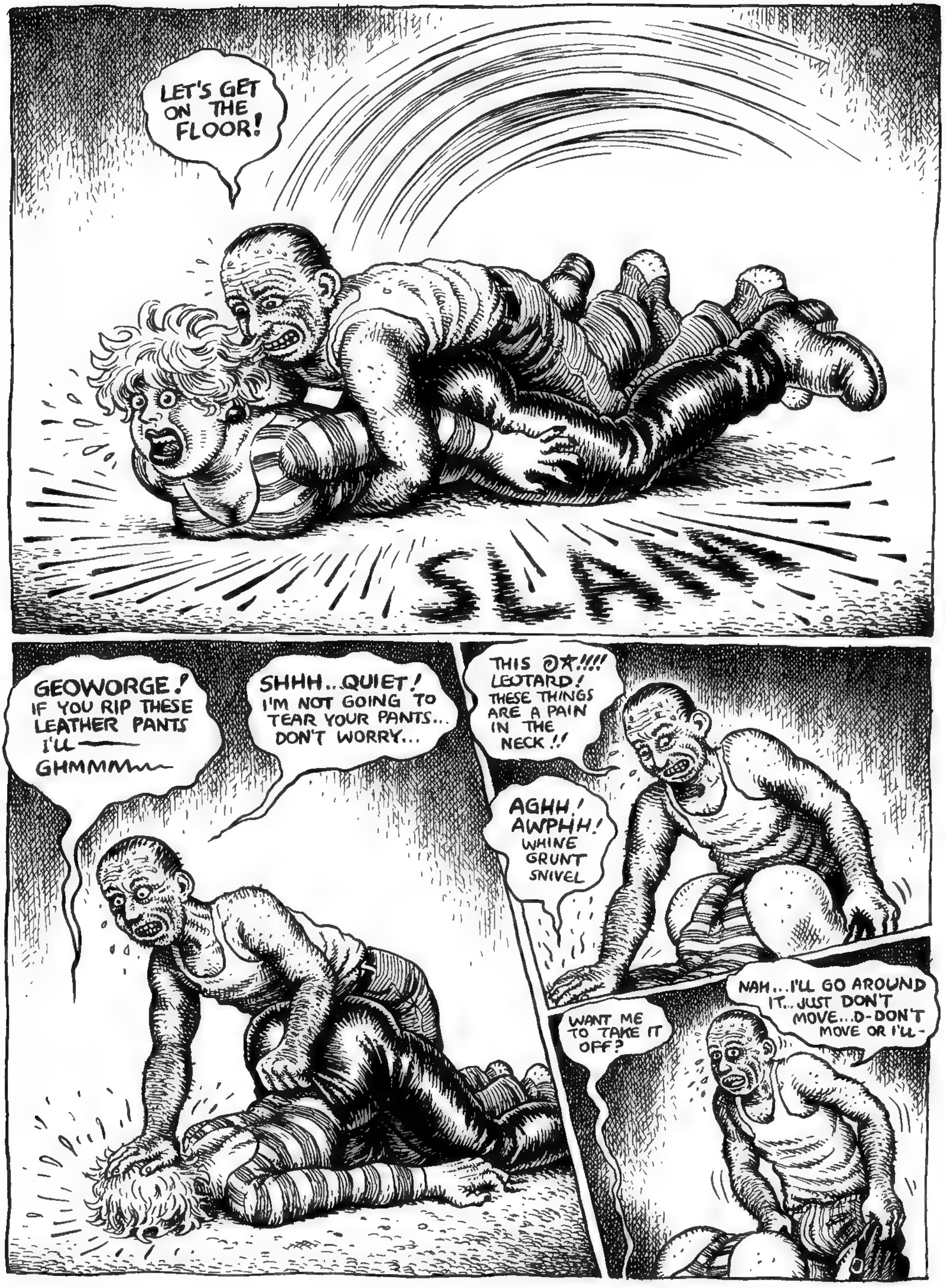

ON THE WAY HOME BARRY SEEMED A LITTLE QUIET.
I DON'T CARE IF I'M NEVER RICH!... I JUST WANT TO BE A FAMOUS ARTIST! THEN I'LL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO HAVE A CUTE 19-YEAR-OLD BOYFRIEND!
...YEAH AND THEN I THINK SHE WANTED TO DO IT WITH HER DOG....IT WAS DISGUSTING!
WELL, RING A DING DING... YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT WOMEN OVER 30!
THE END HAD COME.
...YEAH.. WELL, I'VE GOT A LOT OF HOMEWORK... ..YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEING IN SCHOOL...
I THINK OUR RELATIONSHIP HAD A TRAUMATIC EFFECT ON BARRY. I SAW HIM A YEAR LATER "CRUISING" IN THE GAY SECTION OF TOWN.
CASTRO
BARRY!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU PERVERT!
CASTRO
BUT BARRY... REMEMBER HOW MUCH FUN IT WAS?
DORI, I OUT-CLASS YOU BY A MILE... I'M LIVING WITH MY LOVER, ALAN... I'M BEING KEPT!
BUT LOOK, BARRY... I HAVE MONEY... I JUST GOT PAID FOR MY LATEST WEIRDO STORY!!
BEAT IT, BITCH!... YOU'RE MAKING ME LOOK BAD!
The End

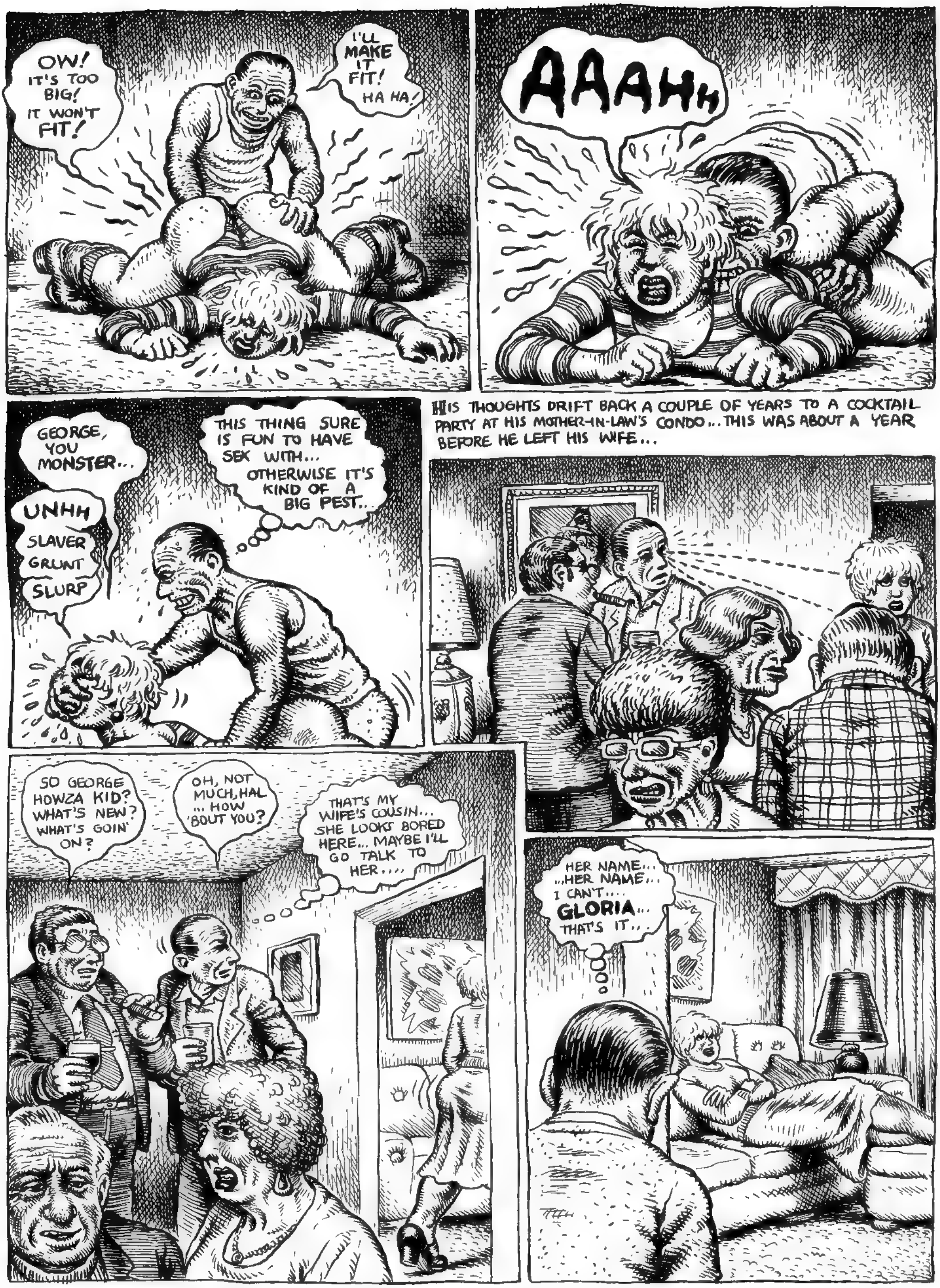

THE ADVENTURES OF George "Murky" Murkoid
©1983 R. CRUMB
GEORGE "MURKY" MURKOID GOES THROUGH LIFE WITH ONLY THE FEEBLEST NOTION OF WHAT HE'S DOING OR WHY... HIS FEELINGS AND DESIRES ARE A CONSTANT SOURCE OF BEWILDERMENT AND CONFUSION... TO HIM LIFE IS ANYTHING BUT SIMPLE!
I'M FROZEN IN FRONT OF THIS T.V. SET...
TERRIFIC LAST-MINUTE SAVINGS ON ALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS!
...BEEN WATCHING THIS DAMN T.V. FOR HOURS... MY EYEBALLS ARE FALLING OUT... HAVE A SLIGHT HEAD-ACHE... ALL THE SHOWS ARE TERRIBLE... THE COMMERCIALS ARE AN ABRASIVE ON THE NERVES.... STILL I'M IMMOBILIZED... CAN'T MOVE... WANT TO GET UP AND TURN THE STUPID FUCKING THING OFF BUT... SOMEHOW MY WILL IS PARALYZED...
"DYNASTY" IS ON NEXT...
REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE
WILLIAM BURROUGHS SAYS WE'RE LIVING IN "THE RUINS OF A GUTTED PLANET..." IS THERE ANYTHING WORTH DOING OTHER THAN SEEKING AFTER THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH?
Click!
FIZZZZZ
BUT OF COURSE IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE... NOTHING'S EVER THAT SIMPLE... I'VE BEEN AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT YOU DON'T TAKE YOUR PLEASURES WITHOUT PAYING THE PRICE, LIKE IT OR NOT...
CALL IT "DUES", CALL IT "KARMA"... SAME THING...
SLURP
YES, I'VE PAID THROUGH THE NOSE, BUT WHEN I THINK BACK ON SOME OF THE GLORIOUS TIMES I'VE HAD ....OH I'VE PAID DEARLY FOR EVERY CHEAP THRILL AND I'D DO IT AGAIN PROBBLY...
HEY WAIT! MY LIFE'S NOT OVER YET!! I'VE STILL GOT TIME FOR MORE EGO TRIUMPHS!
GUESS I'LL CALL UP THAT STOOPID GLORIA AN' SEE WHAT SHE'S DOIN'...
WOW... TH' DUMB BITCH IS ON HER WAY OVER HERE! OBOY... LIFE SURE IS FULL OF UNEXPECTED TURNS...
SLAM
HEH HEH... A DULL EVENING SUDDENLY STARTS LOOKING UP... SHE'S TALL, SHE'S BLOND, SHE'S A DANCER! ...AND THAT JUST MIGHT MEAN SOME HIGH OL' TIMES FOR GEORGE MURKOID!! HEH HEH!
OH GOD I'M TREMBLING WITH ANTICIPATION!

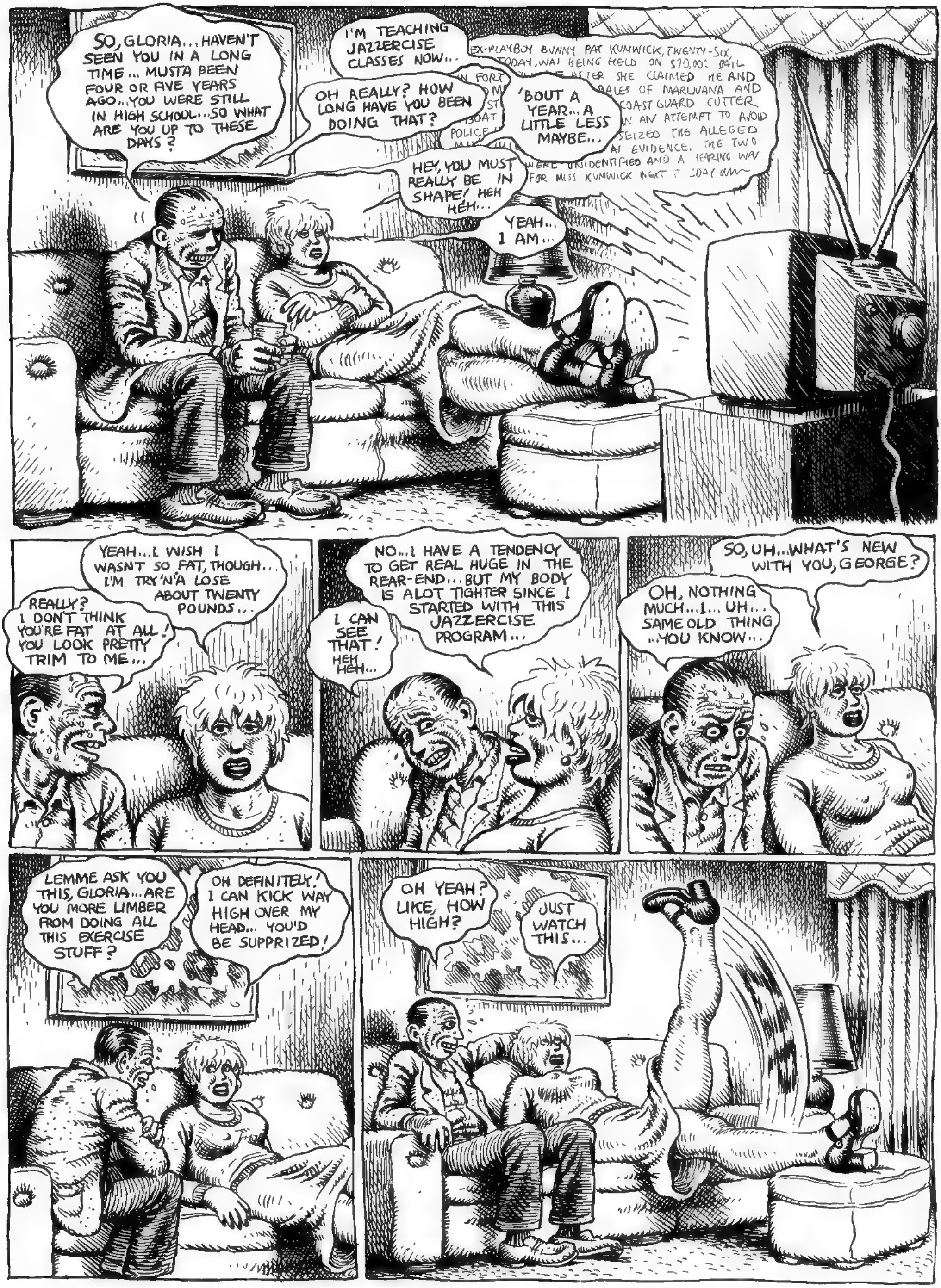

WONDER IF I OUGHTA TRY T' SPRUCE UP TH' PLACE A BIT... PUT ON SOME CLEAN THREADS OR SOMETHING...
NAH... SHE LIKES ME BETTER WHEN I DON'T PUT OUT TOWARDS HER TOO MUCH... SNOOTY BITCH LIKES TO BE TREATED LIKE A DOG...
SHE'S STILL YOUNG... SHE HASN'T LEARNED YET...
THERE'S JUST ONE THING... AH GOOD, GOOD... STILL GOT SOME OF THAT FANCY WINE SHE BROUGHT OVER HERE LAST TIME... THAT'LL HELP GET HER LOOSENED UP...
NYUK NYUK
Boy
MILK
MAYO
ONE HOUR LATER...
CHRIST I WISH SHE'D GET HERE ALREADY. THIS ETERNAL WAITING MAKES ME A NERVOUS WRECK!
GODDAMN HER T' HELL!
YOU MEN! THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY A MAN WEARS COLOGNE—WOMEN!
SCRUNCH
MAYBE SHE'S NOT COMING.. MAYBE SHE CHANGED HER MIND, THE DIRTY BITCH, I'LL—
AK!! THERE SHE IS!
BRRRZZZT
HIYA GLORIA
I COULDN'T GET OVER HERE ANY SOONER... I HADDA LOTTA THINGS TO DO, AND I HADDA GET THAT DAMNED CAR FIXED AND I HADDA STOP OFF AT MY GIRL-FRIENDS TO GIVE HER BACK SOME OUTFITS I BORROWED...
OKAY, OKAY... I WAS JUST CATCHIN' TH' EVENING NEWS...
IN FACT, LET'S... UHH...
GHASP
OH GOD!
WHAT'S WRONG?!
THESE PLANTS I GAVE YOU!! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!!
Cheerios
SKIPPY

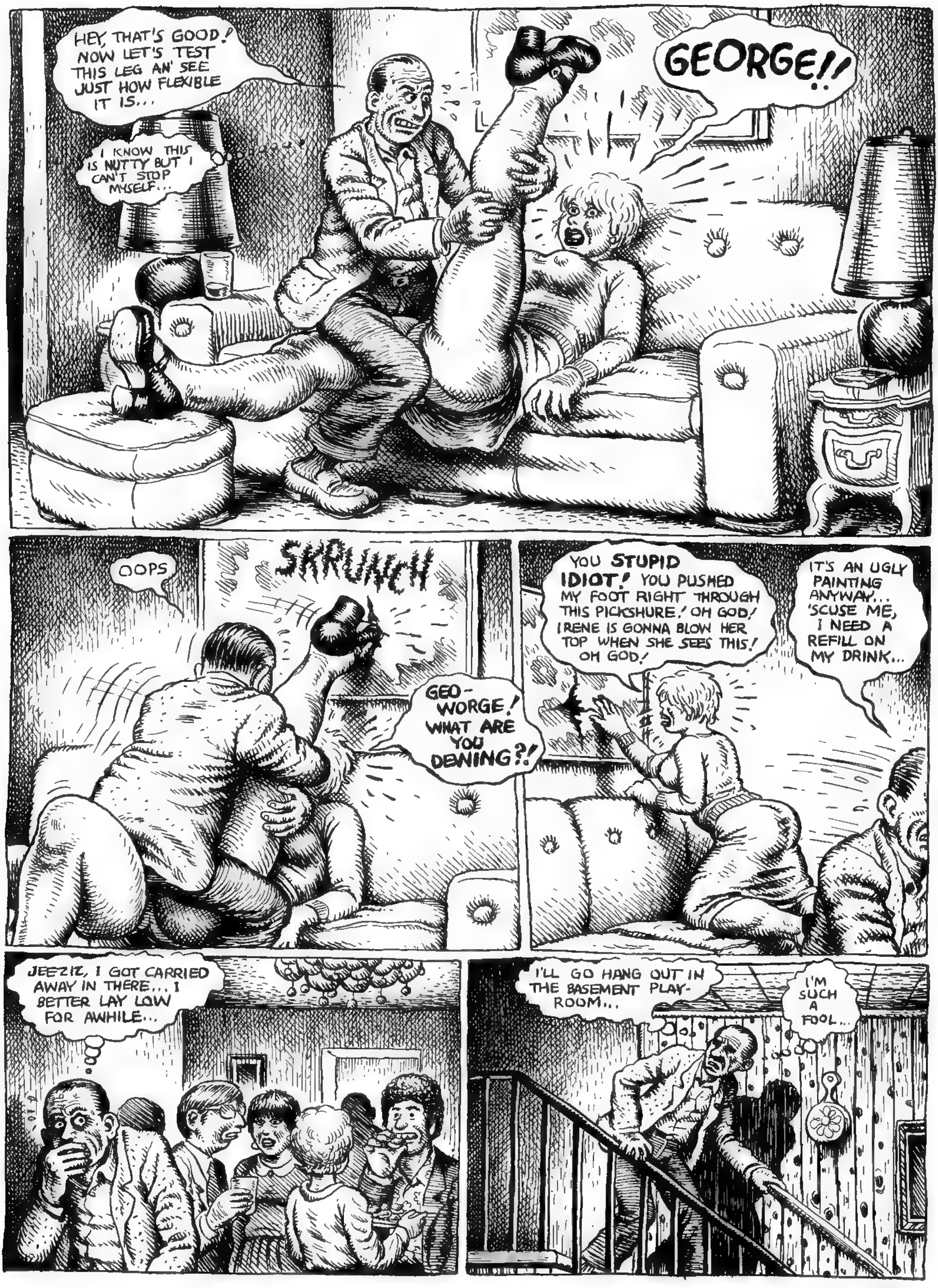

GEORGE!! YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D TAKE CARE OF THESE PLANTS IF I GAVE THEM TO YOU... NOW LOOK... THEY'RE TOTALLY DEAD!
YEAH, I, UH... FORGOT TO WATER THEM... I GOT TOO MANY OTHER THINGS GOIN' ON... I'M NOT MUCH INTO PLANTS, I GUESS...
HEY, I LIKE THESE BLACK LEATHER PANTS YOU'RE WEARING!
THEY ARE NICE!
SMACK
I THOUGHT THESE PANTS WOULD APPEAL TO YOU, YOU JERK!!
THEY WERE ON SALE FOR ONLY 61.50... USUALLY THEY'RE 200 DOLLARS! I'VE WANTED LEATHER PANTS FOR SO LONG! I HADDA GET 'EM!
YOU'RE ENTITLED, GLORIA... THE FIT IS MAGNIFICENT!!
YOU REALLY THINK THEY LOOK GOOD ON ME??
AB-SOLUTELY!
YOU'RE NOT JUST SAYING THAT TO PLEASE ME?
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHAT A FINE LOOKING FEMALE YOU ARE! CUT THE CRAP!
YOU DON'T THINK MY ASS IS TOO BIG???
HOW TH' HELL DO I KNOW? IT SUITS MY PURPOSES.
PHOOEY... I BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL YOUR GIRLS!
SMEEP

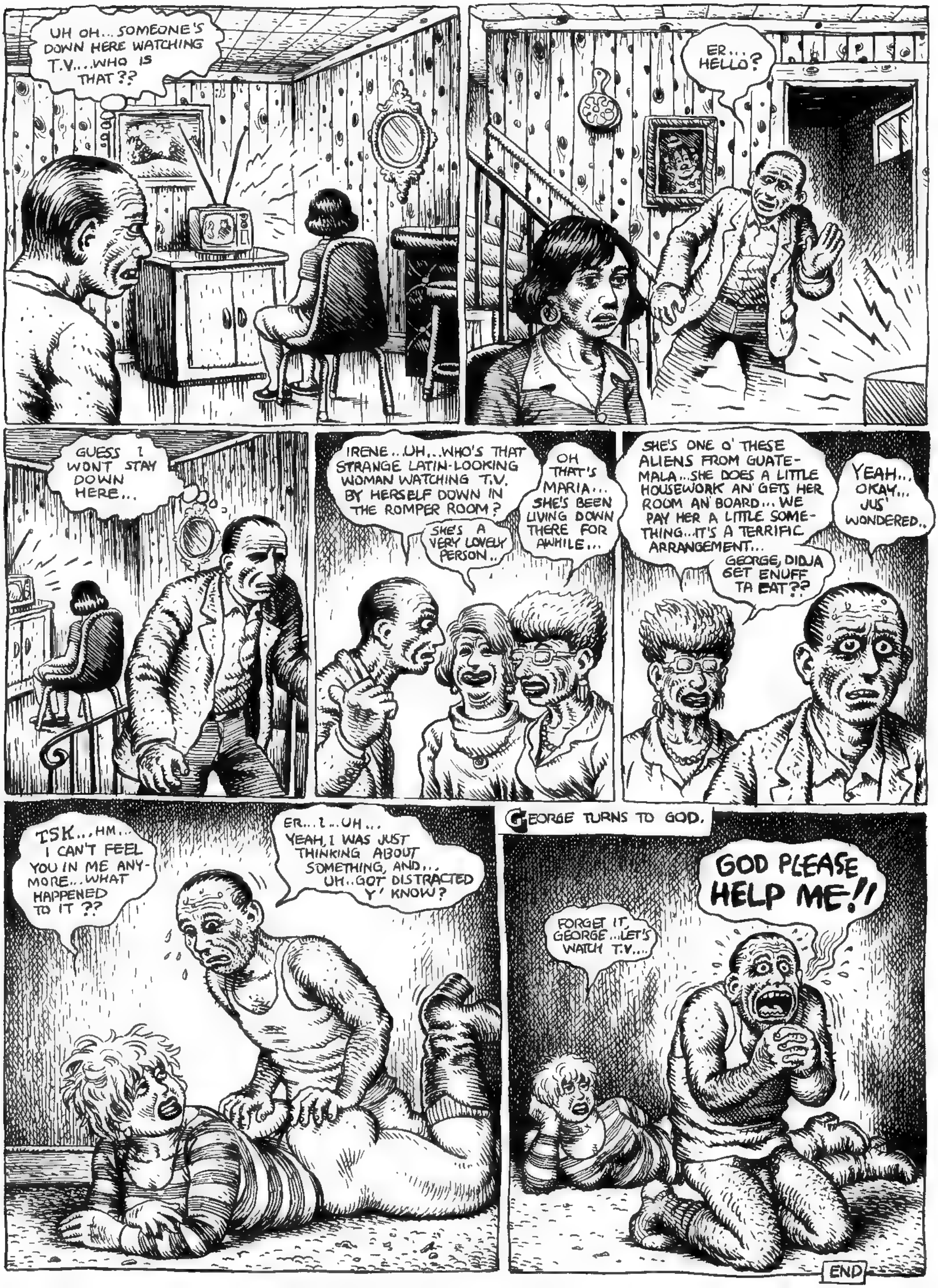

ALL MY GIRLS?? DON'T I WISH! HERE, HAVE SOME O' THIS WINE...
WHAT KIND OF WINE IS IT?
DON'T WORRY... IT'S THE SAME BOTTLE YOU BROUGHT OVER HERE LAST WEEK...
OH GOODY!
I NEED THIS... ALL I DO ALL DAY AT THAT RESTAURANT IS TAKE SHIT FROM PEOPLE... SOME A' THEM ARE NICE BUT SOME PEOPLE... YUGHH... I DON'T KNOW HOW PEOPLE KIN BE SO RUDE!
HYEAHN
GULP
UH HM
I KNOW YOU DON'T APPRECIATE MY FINE TASTE IN MUSIC, BUT TRY TO GET WITH THIS COOL JAZZ, AWRITE?
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY ROCK ALBUMS?
NAHH!
THIS'S OKAY... IT HAS A BEAT I CAN MOVE TO... THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT... I GOTTA WORK OUT SOME OF THIS PENT UP TENSION...
YEAH, BABY...
LOOK AT HER... SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL... I HATE HER SO MUCH... I HATE HER GUTS!!
OOH BOP DOO WOP C'MON GEORGE BOODLYOP!
I CAN'T DANCE LIKE YOU... YOU'RE A PRO AT IT!
THE WINE HAS ALREADY SMEARED HER THOUGHT PROCESSES!
IT'S EASY! JUST GO WITH THE BEAT AN' LET YOUR BODY EXPRESS ITSELF...
OH, WELL, IN THAT CASE...
RUB!
RUB!

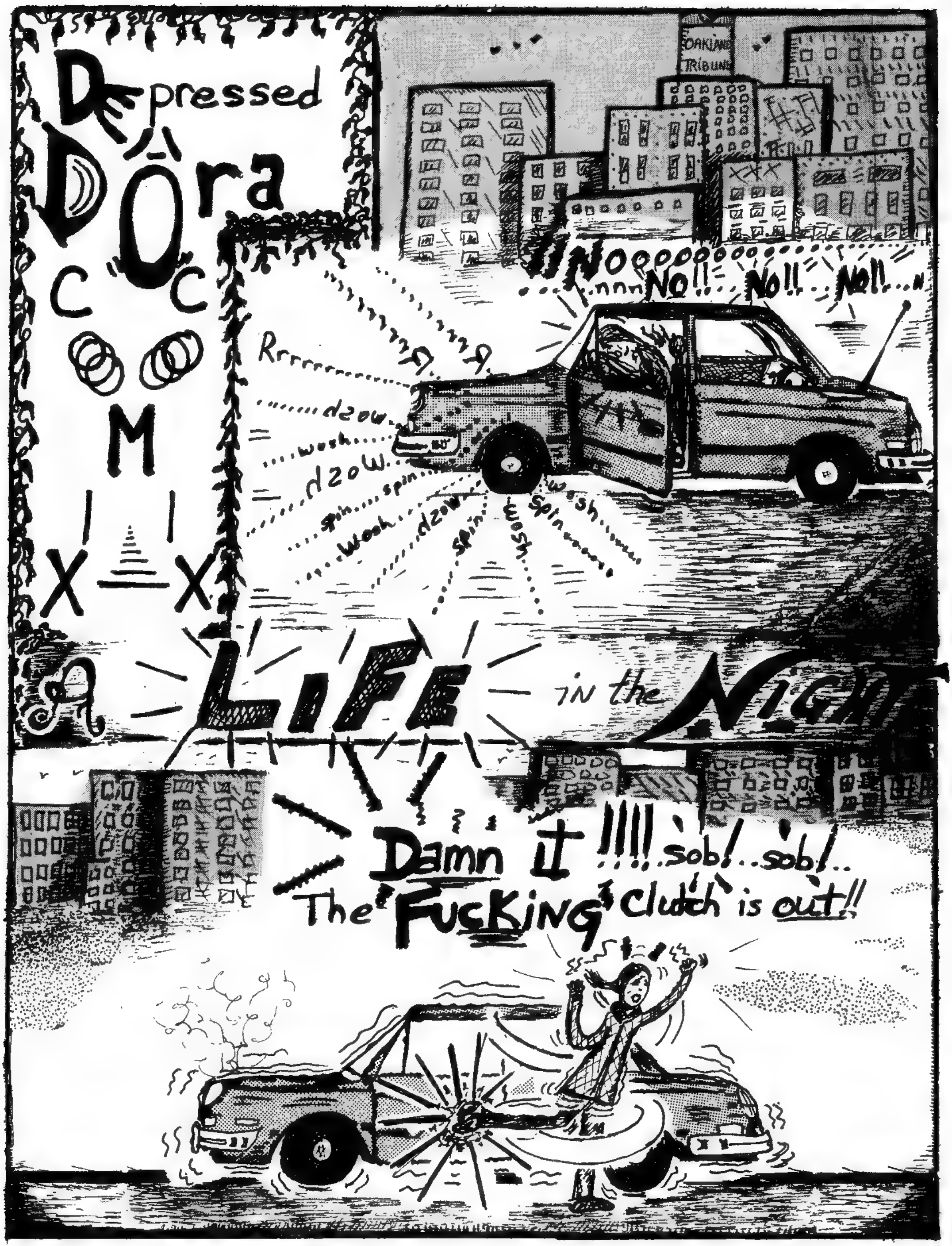

LET'S GET ON THE FLOOR!
SLAM
GEOWORGE! IF YOU RIP THESE LEATHER PANTS I'LL— GHMMM
SHHH..QUIET! I'M NOT GOING TO TEAR YOUR PANTS... DON'T WORRY...
THIS @★!!!! LEOTARD! THESE THINGS ARE A PAIN IN THE NECK!!
AGHH! AWPHH! WHINE GRUNT SNIVEL
WANT ME TO TAKE IT OFF?
NAH...I'LL GO AROUND IT...JUST DON'T MOVE...D-DON'T MOVE OR I'LL-

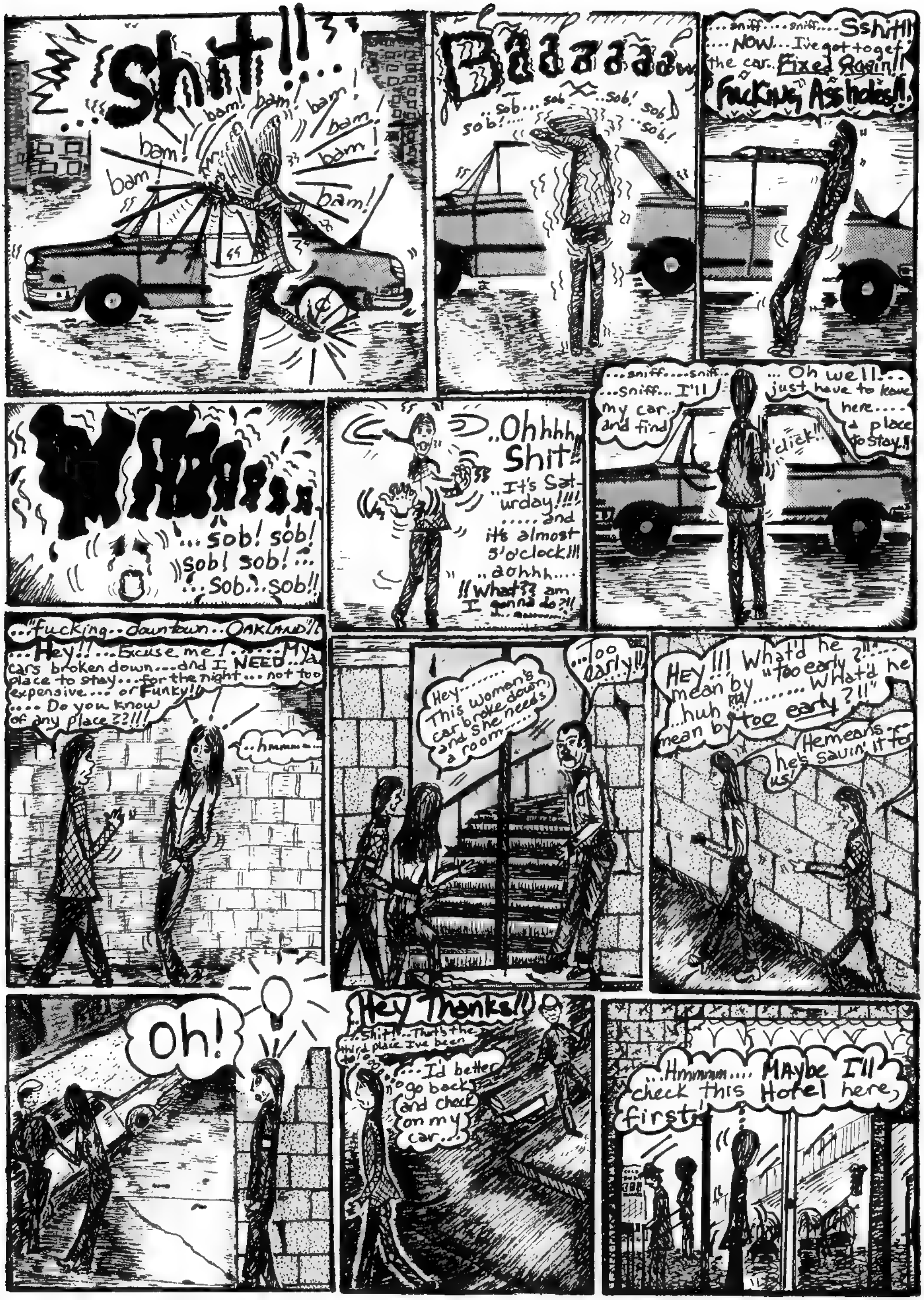

OW! IT'S TOO BIG! IT WON'T FIT!
I'LL MAKE IT FIT! HA HA!
AAAHh
GEORGE, YOU MONSTER...
THIS THING SURE IS FUN TO HAVE SEX WITH... OTHERWISE IT'S KIND OF A BIG PEST...
UNHH
SLAVER
GRUNT
SLURP
HIS THOUGHTS DRIFT BACK A COUPLE OF YEARS TO A COCKTAIL PARTY AT HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW'S CONDO... THIS WAS ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE HE LEFT HIS WIFE...
SO GEORGE HOWZA KID? WHAT'S NEW? WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
OH, NOT MUCH, HAL ... HOW 'BOUT YOU?
THAT'S MY WIFE'S COUSIN... SHE LOOKS BORED HERE... MAYBE I'LL GO TALK TO HER....
HER NAME... ...HER NAME... I CAN'T.... **GLORIA**... THAT'S IT...

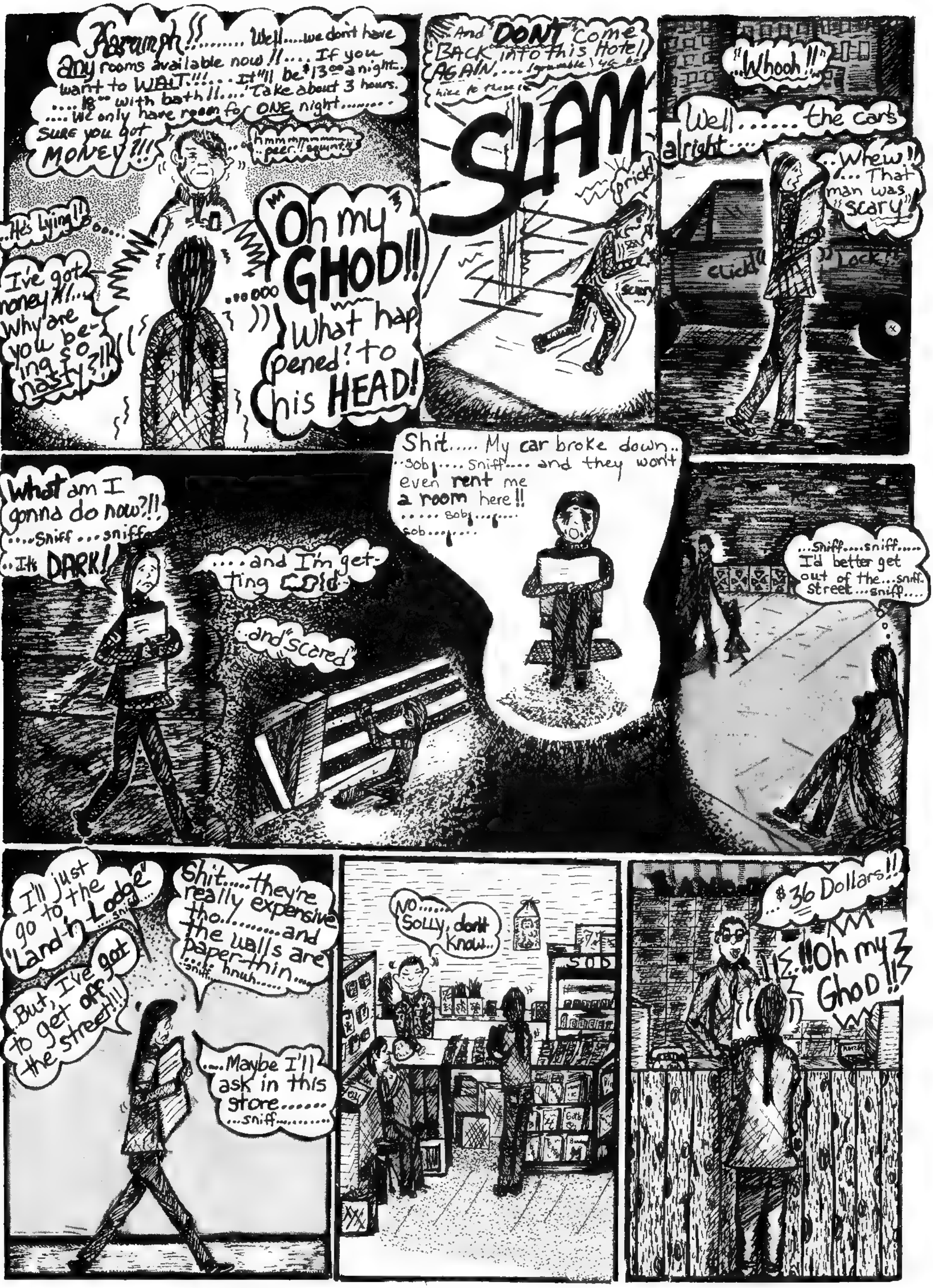

SO, GLORIA... HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME... MUSTA BEEN FOUR OR FIVE YEARS AGO... YOU WERE STILL IN HIGH SCHOOL... SO WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THESE DAYS?
I'M TEACHING JAZZERCISE CLASSES NOW...
EX-PLAYBOY BUNNY PAT KUNWICK, TWENTY-SIX, TODAY, WAS BEING HELD ON $70,000 BAIL ... AFTER SHE CLAIMED HE AND ... BALES OF MARIJUANA AND ... COAST GUARD CUTTER ... IN AN ATTEMPT TO AVOID ... SEIZED THE ALLEGED ... AS EVIDENCE. THE TWO WERE UNIDENTIFIED AND A HEARING WAS FOR MISS KUNWICK NEXT ... DAY
IN FORT ... M ... ST ... BOAT ... POLICE
OH REALLY? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THAT?
'BOUT A YEAR... A LITTLE LESS MAYBE...
HEY, YOU MUST REALLY BE IN SHAPE! HEH HEH...
YEAH... I AM...
YEAH... I WISH I WASN'T SO FAT, THOUGH... I'M TRY'N'A LOSE ABOUT TWENTY POUNDS...
REALLY? I DON'T THINK YOU'RE FAT AT ALL! YOU LOOK PRETTY TRIM TO ME...
NO... I HAVE A TENDENCY TO GET REAL HUGE IN THE REAR-END... BUT MY BODY IS ALOT TIGHTER SINCE I STARTED WITH THIS JAZZERCISE PROGRAM...
I CAN SEE THAT! HEH HEH...
SO, UH... WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU, GEORGE?
OH, NOTHING MUCH... I... UH... SAME OLD THING ...YOU KNOW...
LEMME ASK YOU THIS, GLORIA... ARE YOU MORE LIMBER FROM DOING ALL THIS EXERCISE STUFF?
OH DEFINITELY! I CAN KICK WAY HIGH OVER MY HEAD... YOU'D BE SUPPRIZED!
OH YEAH? LIKE, HOW HIGH?
JUST WATCH THIS...

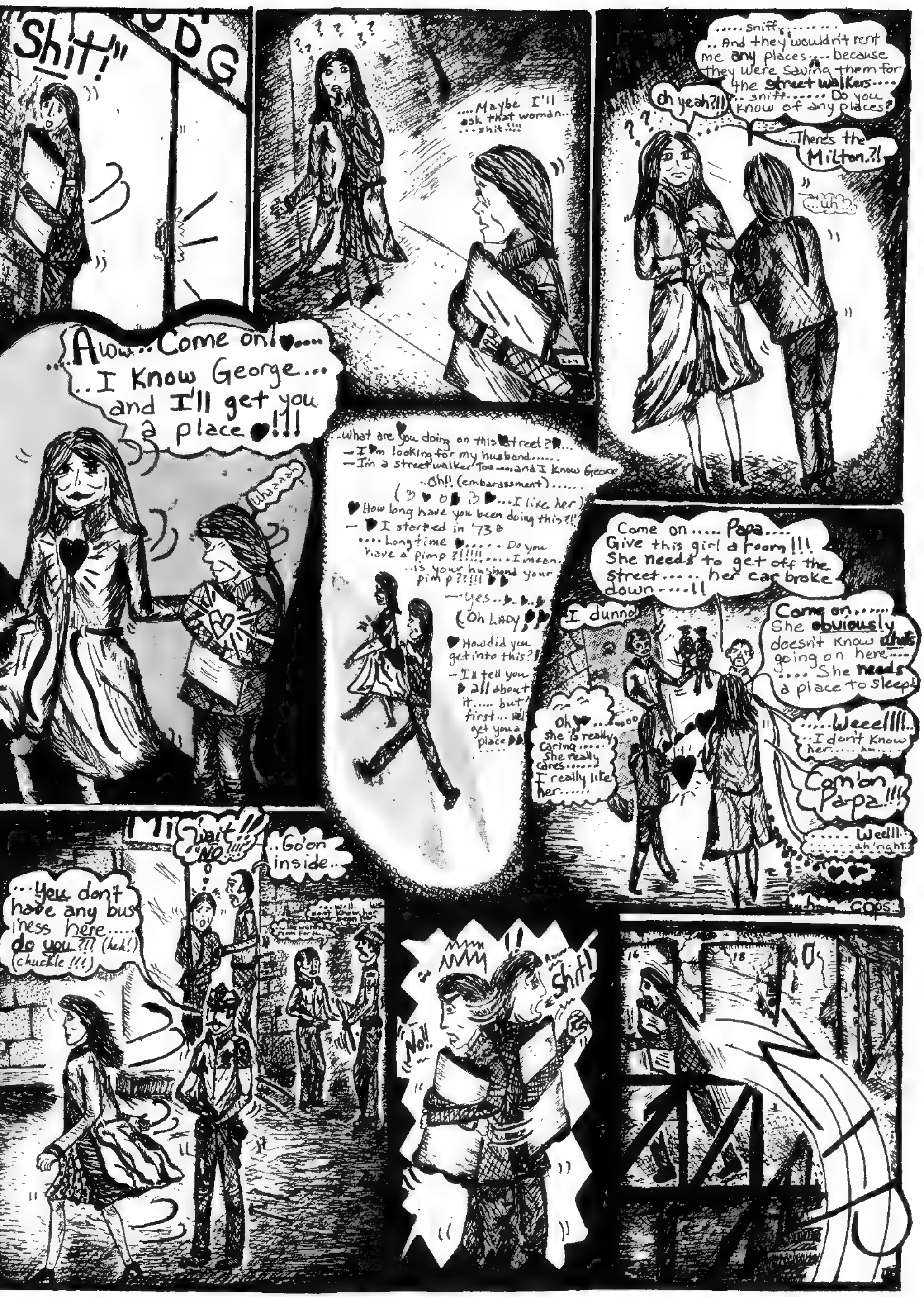

HEY, THAT'S GOOD! NOW LET'S TEST THIS LEG AN' SEE JUST HOW FLEXIBLE IT IS...
I KNOW THIS IS NUTTY BUT I CAN'T STOP MYSELF...
GEORGE!!
OOPS
SKRUNCH
GEO-WORGE! WHAT ARE YOU DEWING?!
YOU **STUPID IDIOT!** YOU PUSHED MY FOOT RIGHT THROUGH THIS PICKSHURE! OH GOD! IRENE IS GONNA BLOW HER TOP WHEN SHE SEES THIS! OH GOD!
IT'S AN UGLY PAINTING ANYWAY... 'SCUSE ME, I NEED A REFILL ON MY DRINK...
JEEZIZ, I GOT CARRIED AWAY IN THERE... I BETTER LAY LOW FOR AWHILE...
I'LL GO HANG OUT IN THE BASEMENT PLAY-ROOM...
I'M SUCH A FOOL...

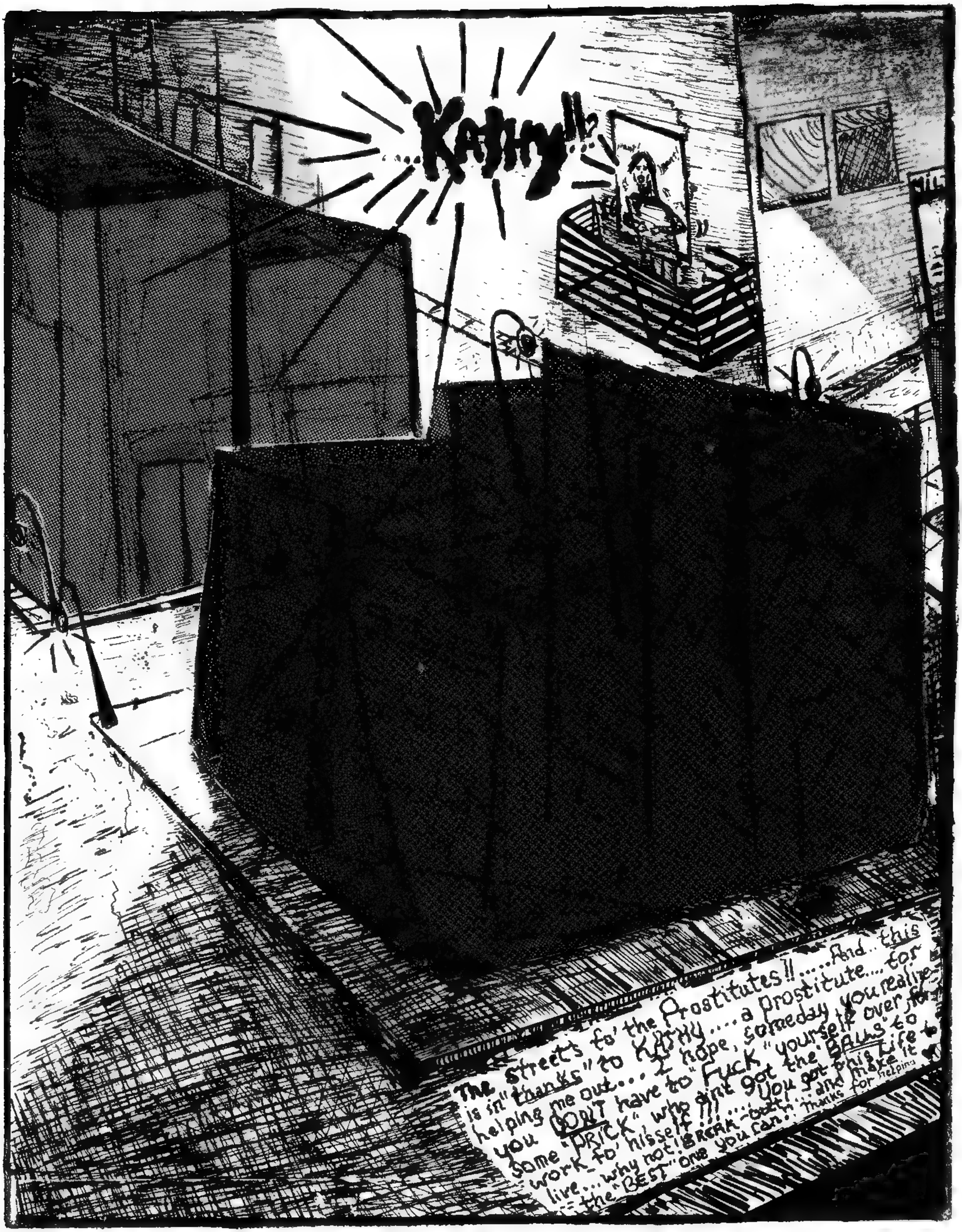

UH OH... SOMEONE'S DOWN HERE WATCHING T.V... WHO IS THAT??
ER... HELLO?
GUESS I WONT STAY DOWN HERE...
IRENE... UH... WHO'S THAT STRANGE LATIN-LOOKING WOMAN WATCHING T.V. BY HERSELF DOWN IN THE ROMPER ROOM?
OH THAT'S MARIA... SHE'S BEEN LIVING DOWN THERE FOR AWHILE...
SHE'S A VERY LOVELY PERSON...
SHE'S ONE O' THESE ALIENS FROM GUATEMALA... SHE DOES A LITTLE HOUSEWORK AN' GETS HER ROOM AN' BOARD... WE PAY HER A LITTLE SOMETHING... IT'S A TERRIFIC ARRANGEMENT...
YEAH... OKAY... JUS' WONDERED...
GEORGE, DIDJA GET ENUFF TA EAT??
TSK... HM... I CAN'T FEEL YOU IN ME ANYMORE... WHAT HAPPENED TO IT??
ER... I... UH... YEAH, I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING, AND... UH.. GOT DISTRACTED Y' KNOW?
GEORGE TURNS TO GOD.
GOD PLEASE HELP ME!!
FORGET IT, GEORGE... LET'S WATCH T.V...
END

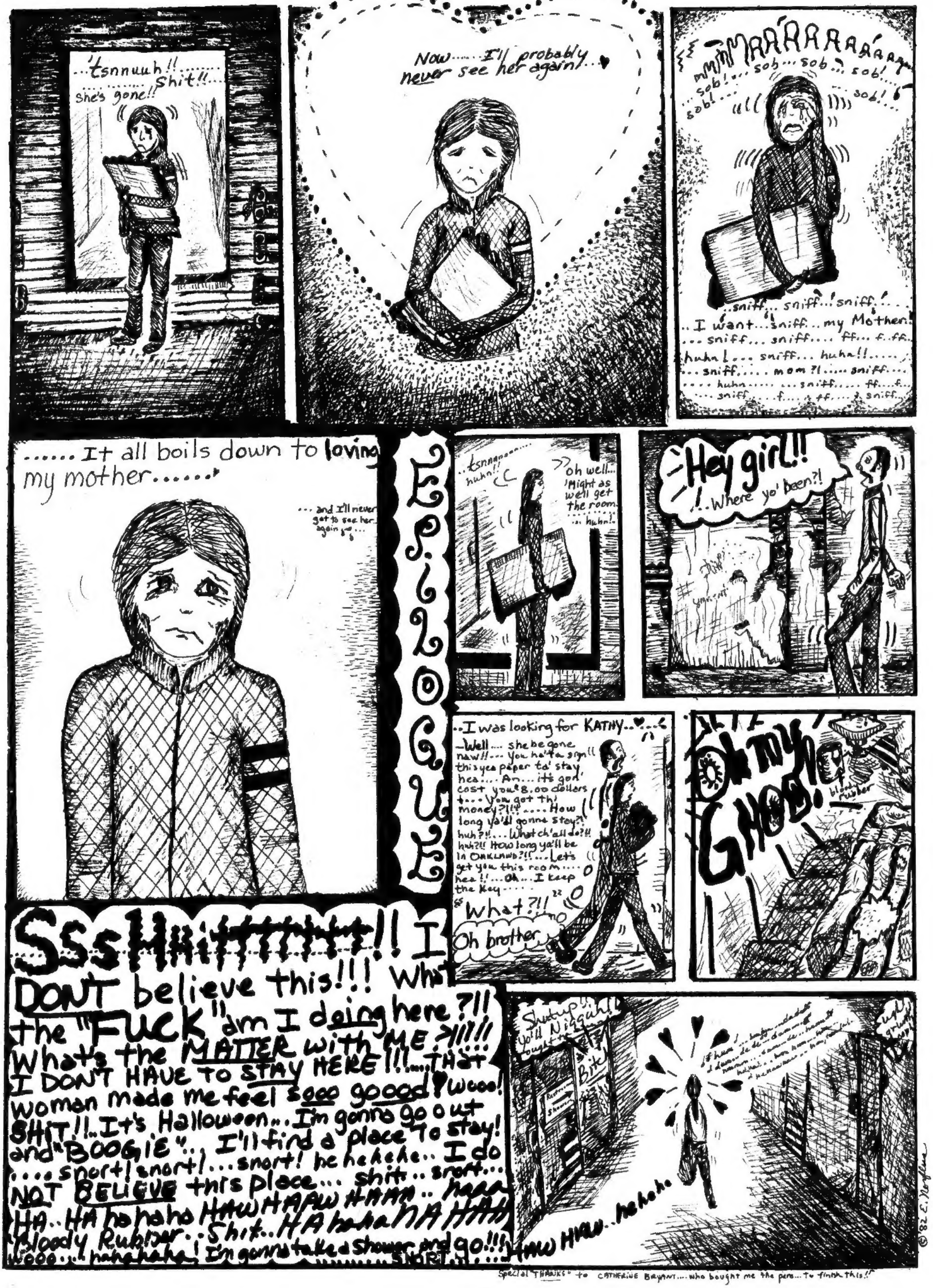

Depressed Dora Comix
OAKLAND TRIBUNE
NOooooooooooooo...nnnNO!!...No!!...No!!...
Rrrrrrrrrrrrrr
dzow
wosh
dzow
spin... spin
wosh
dzow
spin
wosh
spin
wosh
A Life in the Night
Damn it!!!!! sob!..sob!..
The FUCKING Clutch is out!!


Shit!!...
bam! bam! bam! bam! bam! bam! bam! bam!
Bâaaaaaaw
...sob...sob...sob! sob sob!...sob!
...sniff...sniff...Sshit!! ....NOW...I've got to get the car. Fixed Again!! Fucking Assholes!!
WAAAaaa...
...sob! sob! sob! sob!... ...Sob...sob!!
..Ohhhh Shit!! ..It's Saturday!!!! .....and it's almost 5'o'clock!!! ..aohhh.... !!What?? am I gonna do?!! I...
...sniff....sniff.. ...sniff... I'll my car.. and find
... Oh well... just have to leave here.... a place to stay.!!
click!!
..."fucking..downtown..OAKLAND"!!
...Hey!! ...Excuse me!......My cars broken down...and I NEED...a place to stay...for the night... not too expensive... or Funky!! .... Do you know of any place??!!!
..hmmm...
Hey....... This women's car broke down, and she needs a room......
...Too early!!
HEY!!! What'd he mean by "too early?!!".... ...huh.......What'd he mean by too early?!!"
He means... he's savin' it for us!
Oh!
Hey Thanks!!
..Shit!!...That's the third place I've been to...
...I'd better go back and check on my car...
...Hmmmm.... MAybe I'll check this Hotel here, first...

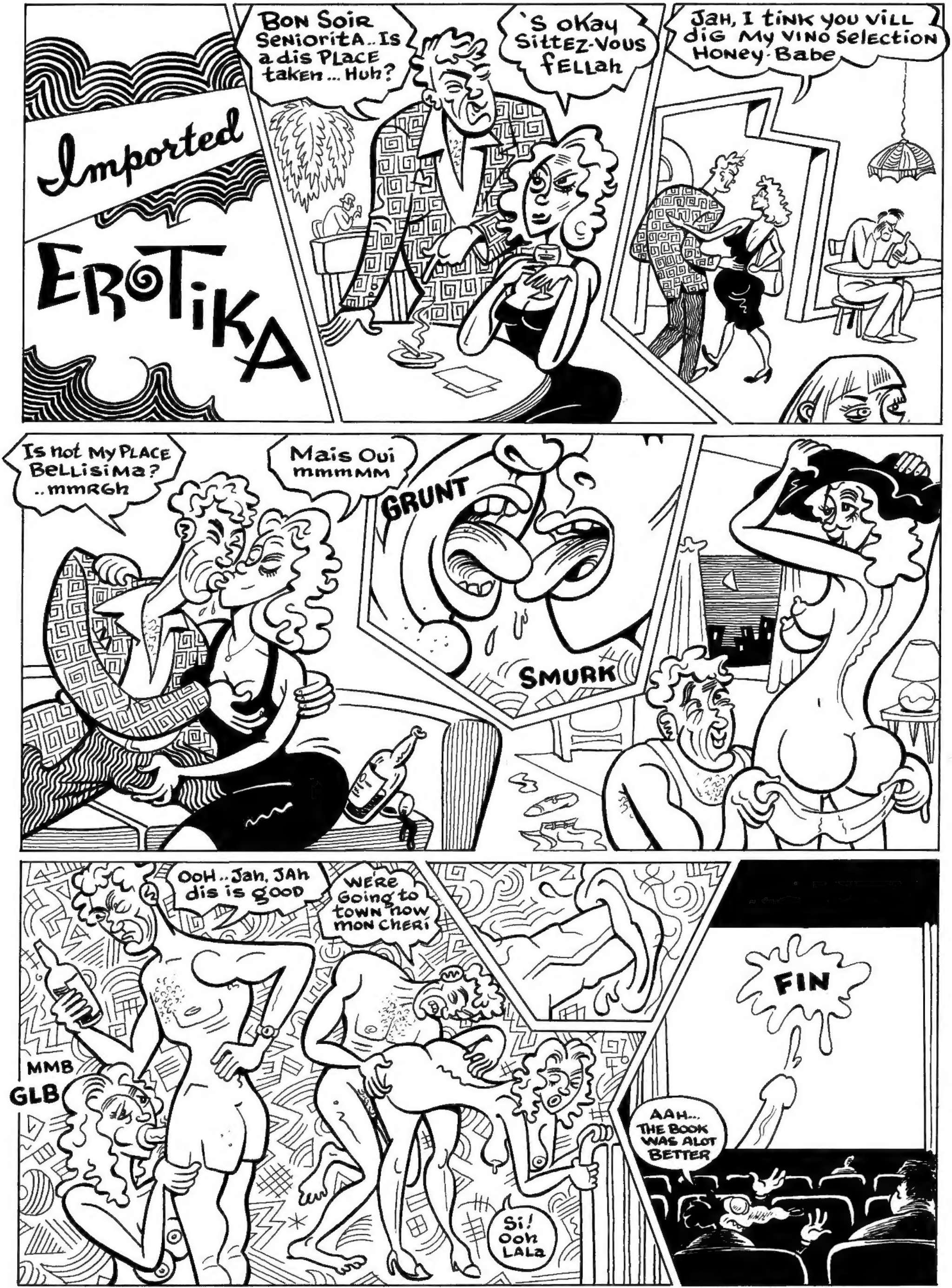

Harrumph!!......... Well....we don't have any rooms available now!!.... If you want to WAIT!!!....It'll be $13.00 a night.....18.00 with bath!!....Take about 3 hours. ....We only have room for ONE night.........
SURE you got MONEY?!!
...hmmmmmm.....peer!! squint!!
...He's Lying!!....
I've got money!!!...Why are you being so nasty?!!
"Oh my GHOD!! What happened? to his HEAD!
...ooo
And "DONT" come BACK into this Hotel AGAIN.....grumble
SLAM
prick!
scary
"Whooh!!"
Well....... the car's alright....
..Whew!!... That man was "scary"!
Click!
Lock!
What am I gonna do now?!! ....sniff...sniff.. ..It's DARK!
....and I'm getting COLD..
..and "scared"
Shit..... My car broke down.. ..sob.....sniff.... and they won't even rent me a room here!! ......sob.......sob.......
...sniff....sniff..... I'd better get out of the...sniff... street...sniff...
I'll just go to the 'Land-'n-Lodge' ....sniff...
..But, I've got to get off the street!!!
Shit.....they're really expensive tho.!.........and the walls are paper-thin.... ....sniff... hnuh......
....Maybe I'll ask in this store....... ...sniff.........
No.... Solly, don't know..
SOS
...$36 Dollars!!
!!Oh my GhoD!!


"Shit!"
ODG
?? ???
....Maybe I'll ask that woman... ...shit!!!!
.....sniff.......... ...And they wouldn't rent me any places.....because they were saving them for the street walkers.... ...sniff........Do you know of any places?
Oh yeah?!!
There's the Milton?!
...uh...
...Aow...Come on!♥.... ..I know George... ..and I'll get you a place♥!!!
Whaaaah
..What are you doing on this street?♥...
—I'm looking for my husband......
—I'm a streetwalker too.....and I know George
..Oh!! (embarassment)......
(♥ ♥ ♥...I like her)
♥How long have you been doing this?!!
—♥I started in '73♥
....Long time ♥..... Do you have a pimp?!!!!!.....I mean... ..is your husband your pimp??!!!♥♥
—yes..♥..♥..♥
(Oh LADY!♥♥
♥How did you get into this?!
—I'll tell you ♥all about it..... but first... I'll get you a place♥♥.....
Come on.....Papa.... Give this girl a room!!! She needs to get off the street..... her car broke down.....!!
I dunno
Oh♥......ooo she is really caring..... She really cares...... I really like her......
Come on...... She obviously doesn't know what's going on here.... ....She needs a place to sleep!
.....Weeell!!!.. ..I don't know her..... hm.....
Com'on Papa!!!
...... Weelll.. ....ah'right.
♥♥
...cops!
MI
Wait!! "NO!!!!"
..Go'on inside...
...You don't have any business here..... do you?!! (heh!) (chuckle!!!)
NNNN!!
Aww Shit!
No!!
16
18


....Kathy!!
The street's fo' the Prostitutes!! .....And.. this is in "thanks" to KATHY.....a prostitute.... for helping me out... I hope, someday you realize you DON'T have to "FUCK" yourself over for some "PRICK" who aint got the "BALLS" to work fo' hisself!!!... You got this life to live... why not! BREAK-out!!... and make it the "BEST" one you can!! Thanks for helping


..tsnnuuh!! Shit!!
she's gone!!
Now...... I'll probably never see her again!....
MMMMAAAAAAAAA... sob!... sob... sob... sob! ... sob! sob!
..sniff... sniff...!sniff.!...
..I want...sniff...my Mother!
....sniff.... sniff.... ff... f..ff..
huha!... sniff... huha!!.....
...sniff...... mom?!..... sniff....
..... huhn...... ....sniff...... ff....f...
.... sniff......f.....ff.....sniff...
......It all boils down to loving my mother.......
...and I'll never get to see her again...
EPILOGUE
..tsnnnnnn huhn!!
oh well.. Might as well get the room... huhn!
Hey girl!! ..Where yo' been?!
..I was looking for KATHY..♥...
—Well.... she be gone naw!!... You ha'ta sign this yea paper ta' stay hea.... An... it's gon' cost you $8.00 dollars t... You got th' money?!!?.....How long ya'll gonna stay?!! huh?!!....Whatch'all do?!! huh?!! How long ya'll be in OAKLAND?!!...Let's get you this room.... hea!!...Oh...I keep the Key.....
What?!! no
Oh brother
Oh my GHOD!!
bloody Rubber
SsssHHiiiiiiiittt!! I DONT believe this!!! What the "FUCK" am I doing here?!! What's the MATTER with ME?!!!! I DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE!!!...That woman made me feel sooo goood! Wooo! SHIT!!..It's Halloween..I'm gonna go out and "BOOGIE"... I'll find a place to stay! ....snort! snort!...snort! he hehehe.. I do NOT BELIEVE this place... shit.. snort... HA..HA hahaha HAW HAAW HAAA.. haaa Bloody Rubber..Shit..HA hahaHA HAW Wooo...hahahaha! I'm gonna take a Shower and go!!!.......SNORT.... HAW HAW... hahaha
Shutup!! Yo'll Niggah!! ought ta
Bitch
Restroom
Shower
[illegible]
©'82 E.

Special "THANKS" to CATHERINE BRYANT.... who bought me the pens... to finish this!!


Imported
EROTIKA
BON SOIR SENIORITA.. IS A DIS PLACE TAKEN... HUH?
`S OKAY SITTEZ-VOUS FELLAH
JAH, I TINK YOU VILL DIG MY VINO SELECTION HONEY-BABE
IS NOT MY PLACE BELLISIMA? ..MMRGH
MAIS OUI MMMMM
GRUNT
SMURK
OOH.. JAH, JAH DIS IS GOOD
WE'RE GOING TO TOWN NOW MON CHERI
MMB
GLB
SI! OOH LALA
FIN
AAH... THE BOOK WAS ALOT BETTER

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brokerage office. Months went by. One day, going shopping, I passed my brokerage office, only an unlicensed employee was present. It was two minutes before the market closed for the day. I ran in and ordered him to call his main N.Y. office on the direct wire, to sell my airline stock AT MARKET, as I handed him the stock, I always carried for the impossible "opening." In a few seconds my airline stock was sold for the biggest profit, of almost $500, that I made. (The next morning, that airline stock went up about a point and began dropping fast. Since that day it is worth at "tops" about one third of my purchase price.) Thereafter, groups of assassins, ready to barge out after me in the foyer, lurked, in all stock brokerage offices. I did not dare to even watch the ticker tape from the sidewalk. I went into "hibernation" waiting for for the C.God efforts to murder me in the brokerage offices to relax. Early, in 1969, secretly, the C.God controlled and manipulated gangster gov. issued a Warrant for my immediate arrest and incarceration into maximum security insanity prison,, TO BE CURED FOR EVER, BEFORE I could go before any PARROTING PUPPET HANGMAN ROPE GANGSTER JUDGE TO GIVE TESTIMONY.

Since 1969, I hide alone in this house. All deliveries, food etc., I mail order, adding $5.00 for delivery, left inside my rear outter cellar door. I snare drug addict nigers and give them $5.00, plus cab fare to go shopping etc, for me. I give them $10 to $15 to cut my grass and $3 or $4 an hr. to rake leaves (so many leaves are maliciously scattered on my shoe string yard, that it takes a week to rake them into the street and a Vil.. giant Caterpillar scoop and two giant trucks to pick them up each year.) Very expensive for me and "big money" for the nigers, BUT IT HAS HELPED TO KEEP ME ALIVE.

When I bought this house, while my brother sodomized sluts, I passed on to him, in my bed, in the back room of my law office, at nite, I slowly remodelled this house, laying floors, walls for closets etc., and ripped out the hot air system and put in hot water radiator system oil burner, even while niger tenants lived here. Years later, after my brother left, in 1966, I immediately garbaged tons of furniture and many other inflammables, he brought here claiming that he scavenged it, or that friends gave it to him. For weeks, I soak, washed off all of the red wall paper in most of the rooms, to find fresh red paint under it. The entire house was a CIA death trap for me, set up while I was buying it. In 1967 and 68 with hundreds of single edge razor blades, I chipped off all of the red paint in most rooms and repainted the downstairs rooms. The maliciously ramshackled part of the floor of the upstairs front bedroom, I ripped out to find inflammable paper stuffed under it, I garbaged in many cartoons. I also found new additions to the never used gas lighting pipes. I ripped this out completely. After 1969, I found the same under the attic floor and many wooden beams cut. With scavenged wood, I store in my garage and bed spring steel angle bars, I repaired the cut beams and relaid the attic floor upside down, It looks almost new. The C.God ramshackled kitchen plaster walls, I ripped down and replastered the whole kitchen. Since my brother left, in 1966, MOST OF THE ROOMS IN THIS HOUSE ARE EMPTY EXCEPT for VENETIAN BLINDS. I have vivid memories sleeping next to a Kosher ex-flying captain. This assassin, to placate me, told me in detail: "I begged to get back in as a top sgt. (with felonious double bribe pay, this APE with slut an breed of 3, in ONE MONTH made more pay than MY PVT. YEARLY PAUPERS G.I.PAY)." I make much more than the civil service job I had as Los Angeles fireman. The firemen are real bum gangsters. They get paid to sleep on the job. They have no work to do, most of the time. They bring in spik girls and have drunk sodomy drug parties in the beds, in the firehouse. While on the job, they go out and rob stores and homes, to get extra money (FELONIOUS GOV. BRIBE) they murder people and set their house on fire to cover up the murder.

FRANCIS E. DEC, ESQUIRE 29 MAPLE AVENUE HEMPSTEAD, N.Y. 11550

Since 1969, deadly gangster COPS have pounded my front and rear doors, opened and entered my rear cellar door, even broke fasteners, forcing open windows, EVEN LATE AT NITE, ALWAYS SCREAMING FOR ME TO COME OUT. Even these PAR.PUP. stooge nigers tremble from this JerUSAlem KOSHER CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS, NOW WORSE WITH RONNIE.

NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, AFTER I HAVE MAILED, WORLDWIDE, THOUSANDS OF MY LETTERS EXPOSING THE WORLDWIDE COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD. I CAN ONCE AGAIN WALK THE STREETS, SOLY AS I DID BEFORE 1969. Weakened, the first week, my return trips, I went by the niger cab, from shopping, The third trip, at the end of the week, in the C.God Monsoon rains, three niger women ran into my cab, ahead of me. I slamed the door on them and told the cabbie, I ordered this cab and that I was not going to sit on the tiny middle stool seat in back. I was going to sit next to him, in the front seat. As he drove, his hand trembled holding a cigarette. I saw one of the niger women reach forward with the deadly Tabin needle. The C.God read my brain thoughts, namely, to pound her arm and twist it off. She then withdrew her arm and the five block trip was over, I was home. AS ALWAYS, NO MORE CABS FOR ME.

Finally, after all these years, through my present detailed investment efforts, Now, I will probably reach yearly minimum wage income, which is a great increase over past income. The nearest street level brokerage offices (Garden City) have vertical venetian blinds. Since I have been allowed to walk the streets, ALL buses are new, all black glass "one way" windows I walk to Garden City and shun buses. My investments are by pay phone and mail. First in the ENTIRE WORLD ALL corner sidewalk curbs are being replaced with smooth corner driveways, for NON-EXISTENT baby carriages and wheel chair pedestrians in this ghosttown. (Ideal for vehicles to drive up on the sidewalk from any direction for computerized C.God Undetectable Extermination). Completely ALONE, everything is much deadlier for ME, than 1969. Jimmy Carter visited MR. Dec's gigantic niger ghost town. Suddenly, hundreds of additional empty stores, buildings an homes are being bulldozed into camouflaged empty parking fields.

P.S. As you drive by on Maple Avenue, since I have hid here; on this three block long street, approximately, twelve substandard backhouses etc., have been ripped down.

New, Island Fed. Bank glass facade has wall to wall drapes, assassins lurk even Sat. in foyer automatic teller; 5 ran in from behind drapes, I barged out without cash change in machine.

My few months zigzaging streets, early in 1982, door pounding COPS ended.

NO C.God concocted and manipulated FARCE Civil Liberties organizations Queer Ronnie's Gangster Secret Service Cops to help MR. Dec through All of these years.

Kosher Kommies

SOLY FOR MR. DEC

When I enter Island Fed. Bank, especially the women tellers etc. SWEAT and TREMBLE, they know they are expendable.

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ